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Who Is To Blame For The War?

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By

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(Author of "Foundations of the XIX Century.")

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PREFATORY REMARKS FOR READERS IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.

This treatise contains a selection from the author's "War essays" for the perusal of readers in neutral countries. These essays were written in the course of the last six months and received much attention in Germany, due in part to the fact that the author's English extraction is there generally known. The following remarks may be of interest to foreign readers.

The author is a member of a purely British family: English, Scotch and Gaelic blood flows in his veins—no other. He knows his mother country, loves it and belongs to it heart and soul, living, as he does, in constant contact with its spiritual treasures. He has sought to compass England's thousand years of literature and her five hundred years of science.

Attending solely to the voice of his heart, he would discover that his affections side with France. Fate transplanted him into this country during the first year of his life; there his mental faculties were awakened; there he went to school and he spoke French fluently before he knew a word of English. Even to this day he has a feeling as if he were returning home whenever he crosses the frontier and engages in conversation in the country he knows so well. French poets and thinkers have been his constant companions, his friends from his earliest youth up. It was not until he had entered into ripe adolescence, that his relations with German life and German language began. He found it hard work to learn the latter and to comprehend the former. And this was so, because an altogether novel world was disclosed to him. German thought, embracing all known civilization, combining the philosophy of ancient Greece and of still more ancient India and extending its flight beyond that of either! German poetry and music, surpassing in diversity, in expressiveness, in perfection everything ever produced by a single people! German art, amazingly rich, original and full of genius! German science,

unattained elsewhere as to method, thoroughness, reliability, and leading the world, be it in natural discoveries—from the study of spectral analysis down to that of electric waves—or in philology, where it has opened new paths, or in theology where it has been the guide of all schools! The surpassing German jurists, historians, geographers, mathematicians! The men who have in Germany raised technical sciences to such a height, have imbued German industry with a spirit of daring, German trade with a spirit of a speculative boldness, German finance with nothing short of genius pure and simple! Do what he might, the stranger from western Europe, in spite of all natural antipathies, was step by step forced into the position of an admirer. He could not but recognize that here there was to be found more as well as more thorough civilization than elsewhere, and that these Germans, take them for all in all, approached nearer to the ideal of manhood than either his own English compatriots or the Frenchmen dear to his heart. When, at the age of thirty, the author for the first time made a sojourn of some length in Germany, there were any amount of things in daily life, which antagonized him. He missed with regret the vivacity of the French and the reserved genteelness, which characterizes English manners. However, at this time the author beheld England and France sinking from stage to stage, inasmuch as they fell more and more a prey to brutal materialism, to an unscrupulous plutocracy, to the policy of "might before right." It would be idle to deny that similar symptoms can be detected in Germany. But these vicious elements can never gain the ascendency here. For the national life of Germany—of a more refined and variegated structure than that of any other country—will always oppose serious obstacles to degeneracy of any kind.

Whoever is able to judge, in a really unbiased and level frame of mind, will perforce recognize and admit that Germany, in the present struggle, represents the cause of higher civilization, of superior culture, of the more exalted ideal of humanity. The Germans fight in the name of Right against Conspiracy, in the name of Truth against Falsehood, in the name of the only kind of Freedom, which is worthy of mankind, against the vilest Despotism that has ever existed—the despotism of the Almighty Dollar. H. S. C.

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE WAR?

A near relative and Englishman, after reading my essay, "German Love of Peace," wanted to know how I could take upon myself to speak positively about the origin penetrable, so largely wrapped in mystery, that probably of the war. The conditions were so involved, so imthere was not a man in all Europe competent to resolve the maze and lay bare the truth in full. This cavil gratified me rather than otherwise, for it disclosed the fact that there are men in England who do not swallow the statements of an Asquith or Grey, a Ssasonow or Viviani, much less the miserable fabrication of the Oxford historians, which latter is calculated to destroy all confidence in English science. At a moment like the present, when national feeling is aflame, and no sacrifice is too heavy, it is hardly to be expected that absolute veracity can prevail in any quarter. There will scarcely be anyone—even among ourselves—who is not disposed to glaze some facts, and to improve upon others; let us accordingly suspend judgment, and wait until the war is over; then historical science will take up the problem, and inexorably fix the responsibility. A philosophical, not to say fatalistic, point of view—but an unpractical one, unless where bodies of hirelings fight against any and every for mere pay, or else where (as in Russia) a tyrant commands, and wretched people submit without knowing why or against whom they are under arms. An impossible point of view, on the other hand, where waging war means the nation mobilizing itself. None of the great powers possesses such elaborate securities against lighthearted or flagitious embarkation on a warlike enterprise as does the German Empire. It has been emphasized again and again that although Emperor and Confederate Council possess the constitutional rights to declare war, they dare not act upon it unless with the warm acclamation of the entire nation.* Checks upon checks exist, and if Germany has preserved peace for forty-four years, in spite of the perpetual provocations of France, the truculence of England, and the menace of Russia, this long-suffering is not to be set to the account of the pacific temper of the two Williams and their people alone, but to the almost insuperable difficulty of dragging an empire constituted as the German is into war. Not only is a nefarious war impossible, but even a justifiable, prudent war—such as ample occasion arose for in 1905, 1908 and 1911—cannot be embarked upon un-

*Compare Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag, of Feb. 6, 1888: "It must be a war sanctioned by all who take part in it, all whom it demands sacrifices of — — a war, in short, sanctioned by the whole nation."

less the whole nation, from high to low, is penetrated by the inevitable necessity of war. Foreigners rarely, if ever, take account of the influence of the confederate sovereigns—in Germany we know its importance. An individual monarch might be capricious, a tribunal of princes cannot be so. To these potentates the hidden current of events is open; their ministers in Berlin keep them and their governments au fait.

Kaiser Could Not Declare War Alone.

No Prussian King, as head of the Confederation, could declare and carry out a war against the conviction of the Kings of Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hessen, Oldenburg, etc., that the war was unjustifiable, avoidable or perilous. It might appear so in theory, but it would not work in practice. Then at the back of this Bundesrat comes the Reichstag—the most stubborn parliament in the world. In other countries the government has to reckon with an opposition, but here with a whole cluster of parties in opposition, so that it can only progress slowly from compromise to compromise. And this is the body that has to vote the war-funds, a body hard enough to conciliate on a peace footing, and one whose parsimony has already cost thousands of brave men their lives, by rejecting the estimates for mountain-batteries. In England the whole parliament—ins and outs alike—blindly follows an almighty minister in all foreign affairs. A few independents put questions from time to time, which receive evasive answers or none at all. England's foreign policy is conducted by a small batch of men, exempt from outside interference, and on that account is so deadly consistent. The notorious Blue Books are compiled to throw sand in the eyes of the public, and are even cooked—as we have just seen; they are taken seriously by no one except blue stockings. In reality, beyond the few initiates vowed to eternal secrecy, nobody knows the history, the doings or the intentions of the British Foreign Office. I am not bringing an accusation, but merely recording a fact; and if anyone is impressed by the blind obedience of a whole people to the despotic will of a secret junta, and by the power it wields, he is welcome to his view. What I insist upon is that after this fashion a whole nation may be made accessory—and in fact has been so made—to crime and calamity, and never worse than on the present occasion. In Russia we have one-man rule—the rule of a strong man or a weak one—his blood is on his own head. In England the nation conquers political freedom for itself, and to what purpose?—to hand over its power to an outwardly constitutional but in reality absolute cabinet? This practice is the source of all the hypocrisy and falsehood that mark the English

politics of the past two hundred years. For, what Burke proclaims aloud (see former issue p. 30) is an open secret: that intrigue, treachery, lying and "political burglary" are the order of the day, that England fattened on the slave trade, that hundreds of thousands, nay, whole nations have been corrupted with opium, forced upon their country by the British government, by warlike means when others failed. Silence prevails on these subjects; the conspiracy is perfect; local option and workmen's insurance and Home Rule for Ireland and budget items are zealously debated, but life and death matters of the empire are blinked; the government declares war at its pleasure, no leave asked, it trades on the time-honored docility, and at most furnishes a catch-word—like the infamous pretence of Belgian neutrality—which is then adopted wholesale to cloak the crimes committed in secret. It is a very cheap thing for the philosopher to say: wait twenty years, then we shall know for certain whether Sir Edward Grey was an artful liar and v. Bethmann-Hollweg an honest man, or conversely. But in Germany that won't work. Here people want to know where they stand, for here war strikes to the heart of every single family—not a man or woman whom it does not directly concern—how many a mother has already lost all her sons! Yesterday I met a wounded soldier who had nine brothers in the field. It passes English conceptions.

Kitchener's Army.

This morning I was shown a letter from Suffolk; after venting his indignation upon the "levity with which the wicked German government plunged into war, in defiance of England's efforts to preserve peace," the writer goes on to say: "Here, in the country, thank God, we notice nothing of the war, only the casualty lists move one to sadness." Neither landlord nor tenant, merchant nor physician, lawyer nor official dream of taking part, or of sending their sons into the war; Kitchener's vaunted armies are made up of loafers and unemployed, who stake their lives for a definite term in return for a definite sum. "Decent people" don't think of enlisting. How widely contrasted, in this respect, are the conceptions of peoples racially so nearly related. Their histories have led them on paths which diverge so much that they no longer can understand each other. The one has for centuries lacked experience of what it is to have to defend one's country, the other has lived in a perpetual surrounding of enemies. To the former, war is sheer wantonness, to the latter, the direst necessity. For the former it becomes a matter of speculation, and is commended or otherwise according as the result in £ s. d. figures on the credit or debit side of the account. For the latter, on the contrary, as Treitschke

has said, war is no longer possible unless in the character of a "moral necessity"—a sacred duty, in fact.

The Germanic Spirit.

And now I am ready for my point, namely, how it comes that, unlike the Englishman, the German could not calmly wait to learn what his government was going to war about, but must know then and there. The German's love of liberty is a living thing, that fills his whole being, as the brain fills the skull which hides and enevelops it; and this same German, so obedient, because so virile, refuses military service, unless when war is not merely inevitable, but is "morally inevitable," that is to say, when it appeals to the honor and the spirit of the German people. The only possible war for the Germany to come is a holy war. Even were an Attila to occupy the imperial throne, neither prince nor peasant would perform his will. If ever there was a Pan-German pur sang it was Ernst Moritz Arndt, and his admonition to his people is: "Establish the principle, and strive to imbue your children with the same, that you never seek dominion over other nations." It may well be that many things need to be kept secret by the imperial government during times of peace—for, indeed, how could a far-seeing statesmanship dispense with it?—but the moment that war threatens, the government has no longer any choice, everything must be avowed—even weaknesses and mistakes—or the machinery of state comes to a deadlock. Millions of citizens do not forsake their avocations, they do not stream back into the country from the ends of the earth, women do not sacrifice their husbands, children their fathers, parents their sons, without knowing for what, without the certainty that they may and must act as they do, in a moral sense—that they are bringing this sacrifice in the eyes of God, in fulfilment of the holiest duty of all. And in addition to the conscript millions, two further millions of men have volunteered in Germany. Is it to be supposed that they thus act without the inmost conviction of their country's danger and without the most unqualified faith in the integrity of their princes and imperial government? The two speeches of the high-minded Imperial Chancellor are imperishable documents, because they proclaim the unvarnished truth, without the least striving after oratorical effect. Even the admission of culpability with regard to Belgium—debatable as that is—possesses a moral grandeur of its own. Rather present one's cause in a less favorable light than resort to euphemisms of any sort.

As against the thesis of my skeptical English relative, I nail up two theses of my own on the doors of publicity. The first thesis is comprehensive, the second special. At supreme crises in human life, truth is ever nigh and acces-

sible, "Il n'est question que d'avoir bonne vue," as the great Pascal says. It is mainly a question of good sight, and that does not merely imply good eyes, but, as the French context shows, eyes that form an even, undistorted image from centre to margin. The image must be true. This is my comprehensive thesis. The special thesis is to this effect: As far as the remote and the proximate causes of this war are concerned, we possess full and exact knowledge of all we need to know. We are in possession of the truth that really matters, and can study it in all its aspects. Time will, no doubt, contribute much, not only new facts but new problems—history as such is unbounded; but whoever approaches the subject in a single mind—whoever is endowed with the normal sight that Pascal postulates as the gift of God to man, the faculty every honest mind employs, when not dimmed by the medium of falsehood, rumor, prejudice and excitement—every ingenuous spectator, I say, is even now in a position to say who is to blame for the war and who is not; the clues to the outer and inner circuits of the maze are ready to his hand.

I need not dilate upon the more general proposition—that of the easy access of truth to the honest seeker—not as being too philosophical, but because Pascal, the genuine Germanic Lorrainer, has fully established it in opposition to all scholasticism as the true wisdom that men need for their guidance in life, the doctrine that enables us to live purely and to die nobly. A metaphor is often more instructive than a disquisition. There is the image of "Veiled Truth"—an attractive subject to the sculptor, as illustrating an elusive frame of mind. For in point of fact it is not Truth that is veiled: naked she is in her radiance; not over her form is the veil spread, but before our sight rather. The cataract that obscures our vision need but be removed, and the illusion vanishes. There is a further circumstance that the great thinker seeks to bring home to us, namely, that in all situations of life the great question is one of proportion. And this holds good even of truth. It comes to this: that the degree of truth—the clearness, purity, certainty, and power of conviction—does not always increase in the ratio of the mass of evidence, volume of investigation, and so forth—as though such accumulations made our judgments surer and the sum of our wisdom greater—but what takes place is rather the attainment of that "optimum," known to science—a point of saturation, beyond which our judgment, instead of getting clearer, gets clouded by excess of detail. In Pascal's words: "Too much truth paralyses the understanding." It is the thought that our own Goethe presents in various settings: "The fertile alone is the true." From this point of view, the nature and amount of information already at our command in Germany about the origin of the war is

adequate for the purpose of full and final judgment. The host of witnesses, competent and incompetent, who will present themselves in course of time can alter nothing in the chief respect. Facts will be multiplied, but knowledge not augmented: we are already upon the verge of the "optimum." Whatever we do, let us not lose hold of the precious possession in our hand—the universal experience we have gone through and that has come home to every one of us. Let us strive to make Schiller's words our own:

Wir, wir leben, und der Lebende hat recht.*

So much for the general thesis; now for the particular one.

The forces making for war group in three concentric zones, as it were. The comprehensive, outermost of these, with its steadfast, though unperceived action, moral and material, has been operating for years with almost elemental power. The middle zone is that of the unscrupulous intrigue directed to war against Germany, in which the gambit was planned without reference to a definite time or occasion. The centre zone consists of the machinations which precipitated the actual conflict on August 1, 1914. It is important to keep these phases asunder, partly because they largely stand in the relation of cause and effect—in a centripetal sense—partly because the nature and degree of the "truth" to be apprehended is various in the several phases, and would lead to confusion unless they were duly kept apart; and lastly, because the outermost zone is composed of heterogenous elements, which, although they merge together when viewed from the centre, need not necessarily have integrated into the more homogenous middle zone, least of all have converged to the inmost focus where such incongruous elements as England, Russia and France fuse into one.

The Intrigues of the Allies.

With regard to the vast outer zone, I do not understand what new facts of importance the future can be expected to contribute, unless in the way of industrious collection of vouchers. That the politicians who counted for most in France, Russia and England had been plotting and preparing war against Germany for years past, is as patent as the sun in the heavens. Their means to the end were, firstly, the systematic cajolery of public opinion, secondly, perpetual increase of armaments and war material, and thirdly, diplomatic arts. If war be the dream, hope and desire of three powerful nations, the resolve and the act must inevitably mature in time.

The original and most incorrigible offender is France. For a century past France dreams without ceasing of

*We it is that live! our living is our justification.

revenge upon Germany. In a recent essay, I related juvenile experiences of my own dating from the sixties—how at the age of eight I had heard revenge for Waterloo and the conquest of the Rhine frontier preached. After 1870 the feeling was still acuter, for it had been the purpose of the French to rob Germany of broad lands and flourishing towns; and in place of achieving that, they lost what they had robbed before. A more brazen falsehood cannot be conceived than the one just published by Messrs. Poincaré and Viviani: that France had always been for peace and had on the present occasion labored for peace up to the last moment. With respect to the chronic temper of the French, we need only recall how from year's end to year's end inflammatory speeches have been delivered against Germany by responsible ministers, by bishops and generals. So it continued for forty years, in spite of Gambetta's warning: "n'en parlez jamais, pensez-y toujours." If you want an idea of the persistency with which France has kept threatening Germany with war, study Bismarck's great speech of Feb. 6, 1888. A year earlier, on Jan. 11, 1887, he had uttered the two fundamental truths: "If the French would keep peace till we attack them—if we could be sure of that much—peace would be assured forever." Further on he proceeds to say: "As soon as the French see a prospect of victory they will make war; that is my firm, inexpugnable conviction." And this conviction is shared by every independent judge of the situation. From 1815 to 1870 there has scarcely been a year, and since 1870 not one in which the French government, army, and leading political circles would not have plunged into war if there had been the faintest prospect of success. That the majority of the people is disinclined for war alters nothing; this majority lacks moral courage, they are amiable but poor-spirited creatures, ventre a terre, as the French say, who are hustled by every strong will, no matter how unscrupulous it is. Moreover, the people that mints the finest, the most inimitable phrases is just the one to be led away by this gift, so that the merest and emptiest phrase-mongers rise to the top. Yet France possessed a man who was no mere talker, a man of insight and daring, who saw through the machinations of England and Russia, perceived what abuse France was being made of for outside purposes, and who desired neighborly relations with Germany, Jules Jaurès. And he was shot by an emissary of the government at the commencement of the war, for he was the solitary Frenchman who had the courage to say aloud what thousands were thinking in their heart. If you want to understand the temper of the French people during the last few years, study some of the pamphlets flaunted in the shop windows of France, Belgium and Switzerland. One of the best, and

in a military sense not without interest, is Le Partage d' Allemagne; l' échéance de demain—the Partition of Germany; what Settlement Day may bring. It appeared in 1912, the author calls himself Lieutenant-Colonel R. de D.; the sub-title is "A Future full of Hope for the French." A colored map of central Europe accompanies it; the German Empire has disappeared; a small kingdom of Thuringia, that embraces Brunswick on the north and skirts Magdeburg and Leipzig on the east is the sole relic of the glory of a thousand years. This sad little kingdom, "neutralized" under the guarantee of all the powers, and without an army, is surrounded by five formidable neighbors, France, England(!), Denmark, Russia, Austria. France has expanded far beyond the Rhine, so that Würzburg, Frankfurt, Cologne enjoy the honor of citizenship of the grande nation. England has appropriated Wilhelmshaven, and a remarkable bottle-shaped hinterland, consisting of Oldenburg, the west of Hanover and Westphalia, down to the French border; while in the southwest, Aix-la-Chapelle and Düsseldorf fall to the share of Belgium. Denmark is not conspicuous for modesty, for it not only appropriates Kiel, but Bremen and Hamburg into the bargain, as well as the bulk of Hanover and part of Mecklenburg, as far as Wismar; Magdeburg is the point where Russia, Denmark and Thuringia meet. The Russian border proceeds thence along the Elbe to Dömitz, when the line strikes across to Wismar. In the south, Russia embraces the province and kingdom of Saxony, and borders upon Austria, which has not recovered Prussian Silesia, but has received all of Bavaria, except the piece taken by France. Austria, of course, is supposed to have left her ally in the lurch. With phantasies like these the French have been intoxicating themselves. The map attached to another work called La fin de la Prusse et de démembrement de l' Allemagne, shows a gigantic Poland and Hanover sharing central Europe, so that just a tiny Bavaria—doubtless a concession to the Munich beer—spreads round the city of the Wittelsbacher, while a "neutralized Rhine state" embraces what is left of the quondam empire. The aim common to these projects is that of expunging the very idea of Germany from the map. They are all marked by the same abysmal French ignorance: William I. succeeds "his father" on the throne, Silesia is annexed by Prussia in 1866! Let it not be objected that these are worthless productions. The Lieutenant-Colonel's pamphlet represents the serious effort of a professional man, and on my table lies Figaro of Nov. 28, 1914, containing the report of a lecture by Charles Lelleman, "membre de l' institut," delivered in the great theatre of the Geographical Society of Paris, on Nov. 27 before an audience of over 1,000 persons belonging to the domains of science,

politics and finance, in which this specialist declared, amid thunders of applause: "Now we shall completely demolish the barbaric German Empire by smashing it into fragments." Prussia, of course, disappears in the embrace of Russia, France and Belgium help themselves to large slices of South and West Germany, England occupies the seaports, the residue is split up into five states—Hanover, Westphalia, Saxony, Württemberg and Bavaria. Here I shall meet an objection; certain of these French pamphlets refer to a German one, entitled "The End of France." But they suppress the fact that the writer, Mr. Adolf Sommerfeld, openly proclaims his work a satire upon Major de Civrieux's "Fall of the German Empire"—a nightmare. However, one may judge of the opportuneness of a skit of this nature, so much is certain, that it has not a feature in common with the military publications of the French, or with the "scientific dismemberment" proposed in their Geographical Society. Such is the mood prevailing for years in the French nation, and which has been humored by every official means. Then look at the armaments! The population of Germany exceeds that of France by, roughly, 70 per cent. But the standing army of France out-numbers the German by 12 per cent. In other words, the military establishment of France is 82 per cent greater than it would be if it employed the standard of the country stigmatized as "militarist." But not content with that, an unheard legislation has contrived that in the transformation of the two-years system into the three-years, the troops with the colors should all be up to the war strength; more than that even, that every corps should be able to furnish a nucleus for each unit of the reserve. Six months before the outbreak of the war Lieutenant-Colonel Frobenius drew attention to this menacing condition of things, which unmasked France's preparation for speedy hostilities, in an excellent pamphlet, Des Deutschen Reiches Schicksalsstunde.

So much for the elements of the outer danger zone furnished by France, which "have been making for war with almost elemental power." France desired war, and has been preparing for war for years past.

Russia—The Uncouth Mass.

When we come to speak of Russia, the point of view must be shifted; for, of the 180 millions of her population, quite 100 have never heard of Germany, and of the remainder, hardly five millions, if so many, take any interest in foreign politics. If it be true that every people—using people in the sense of the mass—is pacific, then, from all I have learned, this is true of the Russian people in an eminent degree. The educated Russian as well, who does take interest in politics, is the mildest, most tolerant and

inoffensive individual to be met. He certainly possesses grave defects of character, but as far as I can observe, they work out to his own detriment, not to that of others. So when, in his case, we speak of comprehensive agencies inevitably making for war, we have to picture to ourselves a vast and amorphous body, blindly bursting its bounds in every direction. If inflexible tenacity of a definite purpose be the distinguishing mark of British foreign policy, and if the dialectic propensity be the mark of the French, then we may compare Russia with a rock hurled from the crater of a volcano, that knows no law but the elementary one of gravitation; it storms forward on its course.* Just as we miss self-restraint and self-discipline even in the best bred Russians, so likewise do we miss these qualities in the Russian aggregate. One might expect that such a vast country, rich in soil and sub-soil products, blessed with a wholesome population, increasing at a normal rate, would long since have experienced the impulse to pull itself together, to define its aims, to evolve an internal structure, to develop its powers, to promote the freedom and dignity of the individual. But no sign of such a thing; or barely a sign—an occasional voice crying in the wilderness, pathetic above measure, because not the herald of the coming day, but the suggestion of the dim evening colors that usher in the night. On rolls the ponderous, unorganized mass, pauseless, hopeless, devoid of all genius for building; only suppressing, grandiose in ill, while virtue bends and suffers—even its Christianity bereft of progressive, vital quality, a mere principle of inertia, a last anchorage to furnish the wretch racked in the track of the colossus he is bound to with a beatific vision of death. Various exhaustive works have appeared about Russia, to which I might refer; and yet nowhere have I found mention of the fundamental fact about Russia. Russia, namely, never pauses to develop her inner structure; she is the antipodes of ancient Rome. Rome did not set about the conquest of the world before she had completed her own inner organization and had disciplined her citizens, from high to low, into conscious, capable, forcible representatives of the "Staatsidee."† Whereas the growth of Russia is nothing but the bulging out of an arbitrary conglomerate, an aimless, featureless chaos of human cells. Russia spreads, not because she has so far fallen short of what she is pleased to call her natural boundaries, but because she is devoid of all inward structural genius. She will never recognize boundaries as such, and as soon as the blind impulse to spread has expended itself, Russia will be dead.

*Bismarck quotes Ovid's line apropos of Russia: Rudis indigestaque moles.

†An untranslatable phrase. Can it be that the British lack the conception as well as the term? (Trans.) (Rudiments of the formation and progress of the state.—Editor.)

For my part, I disbelieve in the inborn antagonism of Slavic and Germanic races, assumed even by Kyellèn in his excellent little work, "The Great Powers of the Present." History does not confirm it, nor does my own observation. Slavs and Germans have amalgamated into gifted and energetic peoples in the territory of the present Empire. Poles and Germans get on perfectly together until they launch into politics, or priests of the religion of love sow dissension between them. I felt myself greatly attracted to the pure Slavonic population in Bosnia, and all of us sympathize with the brave Croatians as soon as we get to know them. To be sure the Russians are no longer pure Slavs; Mongol and Tartar strains pervade the nation. But race is only a newspaper catch-word in this connection, or else a diplomatic pretext. The colossus bulges towards the southwest as well as the northwest, east and southeast. It absorbs all it encounters. This time I absorb you "because you are my friend," and at another time "because you are my enemy."

With Russia it is a case of "needs must," and the objective of this "must" is not Germany, but Austria-Hungary, whose welfare is a life-and-death matter for Germany. Russia demands some 30 per cent. of Austro-Hungarian territory. Her military preparations towards that end comprise an army of a million and a half on a peace footing. Neither Austria nor Germany, on the other hand, have occasion to seek a quarrel with Russia. The lust of land and the hostility fomented in its service are wholly on the part of Russia, with her perpetual aggression.

The elements of the great outer zone that make for war are more difficult to analyse where its **English** constituents come into play.* The bulk of the English people is altogether pacific. To this day it leaves its battles to hirelings to fight. The officer's profession is a sporting career, a courting of danger and contest against odds, not a defence of hearth and home, nor a discipline of youth's flower. Out of barracks the soldier carries a cane and the officer appears in "mufti." I already cited a letter in which an Englishman in the country notices nothing of the war. Since remarking upon that, I have had several letters to like effect, also cuttings from provincial papers, drawing readers' attention to the fact that England is engaged in a big war. England has no animosity towards Germany, but Europe has got into a "horrible mess": "our mood is a thoroughly businesslike one; we do not care for the job, but mean to do it carefully, so that it will not have to be done over again." Whoever has lived through the mighty experience of the rise of Germany against a world in arms, in August, 1914, to the strains of "A tower of strength our

*See the essay: "The War-Temper in England and France: Its Origin and Progress," pp. 17 sqq.

God is He!" can hardly grasp the mood of an English country town in December of the same year. The English, in fact, are callous to the wars their governments are always carrying on somewhere or other. They pay their money, and trouble no further about the people who bear the hardship. Add to this the habitual success. One incurs no danger, and is victorious all the same, and in the end is master of a quarter of the earth's surface. Thus I read in a paper of September, 1914: "All we have to do is to possess our souls in patience until the war is over, when these good things will fall into our laps without trouble or exertion to ourselves." "These good things"—viz., the trade and industry of Germany. Such is the accustomed lot of the English, and in course of generations it has bred a peculiar temper, which a connoisseur of English life, the Swedish writer, Gustav Steffen, characterizes in these words: "The English are unavoidably the nation that most admires itself and most despises foreigners."

Foreigner—Ausländer.

The connotations of the English term "foreigner" are by no means identical with the German "Ausländer." The "foreigner" is outside the pale; the term conveys an untranslatable stigma; only the Briton is human in the English sense, the rest of mankind are—"foreigners."

In like manner, the term "abroad" stigmatizes the portion of the earth's surface not comprehended in Britain or her colonies. Whether Naples or Kamschatka is all one, it is "abroad." A most important practical corollary of this is that "foreigners," one and all, are on a level. The Dutchman is no more to the Briton than the Jap, nor the Jap than the Dutchman. None is so strange to the conception of race as the Briton; it is the political unit that fills his imagination. The Japanese are straining every nerve to assert the dominion of the "yellow" race; the Russians are as enthusiastic about all the nations with Slavonic dialects as if they were their own blood; the French fabricate a "Latin" race, to serve as a bond to Spain, Portugal and Italy; the dark races are busy with the idea of a league; only the English are dead to such aspirations. The term "Dutchman" savors of contempt; the German is of scarcely more account; and for "Germanen" they have not so much as a word, for the modernized "Teuton" and "Teutonic" are learned expressions, and the English would repudiate a term meant to comprehend their nation with Germans, Dutch, and so forth. Thus much had to be premised, in order to explain the incongruous medley of callousness in the one direction, and violent prejudice in the other, which distinguish the attitude of the English towards foreign affairs, and which obscures their conduct for the foreigner. It is no ques-

tion of blind, irresistible expansion, as in the case of Russia, nor of retaliation, as in that of France; not a matter of racial ideals, as in Japan; nor the self-sacrifice that the truly spiritual freedom of the German inspires. For England does not really love or hate any nation—how could one love a "foreign nation"? England simply vegetates upon trade, industry, and finance, and that automatically leads from one war to another. Whoever blocks the way must be crushed, be it China or be it Germany—British monopoly must be maintained—"our mood is a thoroughly businesslike one."

The Present War a Trade War.

But I must not make such sweeping assertions without furnishing vouchers. I am bound to prove that the present war is purely a trade war, just like the war of the Spanish Succession and the wars against Napoleon. For, as Seeley says, "to England . . . war is . . . an industry, a way to wealth, the most thriving business, the most profitable investment."* That this is the universal and permanent point of view determining British policy, I shall substantiate by reference to actions revealing the warlike factors of our "outer zone."

Scarce had the British declaration of war been made in the beginning of August, than the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Board of Trade was explicitly organized "for the capture of German trade." Every periodical of that time contains the advertisement of this government department, soliciting contributions of such German and Austrian patterns and trade circulars as compete with British ones. "The Board of Trade proposes to hold an exhibition of samples of this nature." London papers of the 11th of September actually contain the following: "The British Ambassador at Rome, Sir Rennell Rodd, wires to the Board: 'As I am informed, the present would be a most favorable moment for capable commercial agents to repair to Milan, and intercept the orders which Italy has been in the habit of placing in Germany'." A list of the best articles is attached. Here is an example of the methods to which the representative of His Britannic Majesty at the Quirinal can descend.

This stupendous war, which is a sacred mission to the heart of every German, is a piece of traffic for the British, from the King on his throne down to the shoe-black on the pavement. We need not go by the inflammatory diatribes of the Times or the Daily Mail; much more to the purpose are judgments of professional journals noted for sobriety and caution. Before me are several numbers of the Engineer, luxuriously printed on thick paper, the oldest and finest of the technical journals of Britain, the

*Seeley, "The Expansion of England," lecture 6.

writers and readers of which have maintained close relations with Germany, many of them having studied there, and having been members of the German Society of Engineers and holding German distinctions. And what do I read in the issue of the 25th of September, 1914, page 295:

"Now there is one way by which the end in view (of securing the trade hitherto carried on by Germany) can be attained. It is a ruthless way, but eminently simple. It is the deliberate and **organized destruction** of the plant and equipment of German industry in general, and in that **organized destruction** the great iron and steel works of the fatherland should share. The occupation of German territory by the allied troops should be accompanied by the destruction of all the large industries within the sphere of occupation. It is held that if it were known and felt here and in France that such a scheme of **organized destruction** was to be carried out on German territory, capital would be at once stimulated in steady streams in aid of home industries, which would profit enormously by the course taken."

I suspect this is what Nietzsche would call "Jenseits von gut und böse."* Anyhow, it lays bare what the British nation—diplomatic casuistry notwithstanding—is bent upon with this war, and that is worth a good deal. The writer, to be sure, deprecates a personal share in this "organized destruction," much as it might be "to the taste of the many"; he would not "too rigidly associate himself" with it—the matter needs mature consideration; but even without "organization" of the destruction, the war will present ample opportunities for destroying manufacturing plants in Germany on the pretext of military operations. In a later number it suddenly strikes this writer that "the regions must be spared which France or Belgium might desire to annex." He waxes pathetic, and sighs: "We must of course not deny our friends who have stood by us a share of the spoil." A remarkable admission, in view of the diplomatic pose of disinterestedly standing by the countries menaced by Germany. That England had long since engineered the war, for the "destruction of German industry," and that France and Belgium were her henchmen slips out most naively.

A Campaign of Lies.

The campaign of lying, too, organized against Germany, that simply took our breath away, becomes intelligible in the light of the sharp practice the same journal descends to on the 11th of September, page 252. For there we read that Germany will lose all her trade in "Latin America" (South America) "on account of the unspeakable barbarities which have been practised dur-

*Beyond the beyonds of good and ill.

ing this unhappy war upon innocent women and little children, for which the warmhearted Southerner entertains an almost religious veneration." We know that the reports transmitted to Argentina, Paraguay, etc., outdid, if that were possible, the lies they dared to utter in Europe; the purpose of this "organized destruction" of the good name of Germany is patent. "Our mood is a thoroughly businesslike one." Lying is part of the "business." I might multiply such examples, for friends known and unknown have piled up material. The tone is the same all through. Economist, Financial News, The Coal Trade, The Ironmonger, and so on, most of them coarser and more unscrupulous. I restrict myself to the "leading" journal of England's technicians.

England's Policy.

From what has been said, the nature of the outer zone of war-factors will be apparent. Morally, England at large is responsible for the predaceous policy of her governments these three hundred years past. For this policy has its root in centering the energies of life upon mere sordid money-getting, to the neglect of the cultivation of the soil, not to speak of the neglect of the mind, and of ideal aims; the renunciation of all higher obligation and human sympathy, the moment they clash with the money-bag. Nevertheless, in wide strata of the population, individuals believe in their innocence, and that without conscious self-deception. There are curious bulkheads in the British brain, by means of which each compartment keeps its affairs to itself. Just as the British pay hirelings to fight their battles and have done with it, so likewise they pay ministers to conduct their ruthless foreign policy, and give no further thought to that either. They know and care little about what is proceeding, and accept whatever statements these agents are pleased to make, on principle. It is a species of self-delusion. Bismarck notes the trustworthiness and veracity of the individual Englishman, as compared with the unparalleled perfidy and hypocrisy of his public policy.* The average Briton, and that means 999 out of 1,000, has not a notion of the infamous robbery of the Spanish colonies, nor of the barbarities committed by Warren Hastings in India, nor of the horrors of the colonization of North America, nor of the disgraceful bombardment of Copenhagen in the midst of peace, and the appropriation of the whole Danish fleet; he does not know that the nefarious dum-dum bullets were originally invented to destroy the hardy hill tribes of India (see Encyclopaedia Britannica); he knows nothing of Kitchener's Concentration Camps, and the in-

*Poschinger, Tischgesprache.

human laissez faire calculated to render them a means of exterminating the Boer race—30,000 women and children having succumbed in a year—the whole story of the wanton and cowardly raid on the two republics, for the mere sake of their gold mines, appears in a fog to the man in the street; he prefers to ask no questions.* If rumors of the scandals that disgrace every campaign of hirelings reach his ears, he takes comfort from Wellington's notorious definition of martial law: the will of the general commanding. A worthy counterpart to the dictum of the present First Sea Lord, "War makes an end of treaties; I know of one aim only, to destroy the enemy." How this spirit penetrates the whole system people have no conception in Germany. I am acquainted with a high and highly cultured British official, who seized upon a crying evil within his jurisdiction—thousands of miles away—one that replenished the government coffers, but ruined the people concerned. He went to the bottom of the matter, consulted with the notables of the country, and then sent the matter up as high as it could go. What happened? A short resolution on the part of the supreme authority, disqualifying him for a high post for the future, a transfer that reduced him to a lower pension class, and a private docket from a sympathetic undersecretary: "My dear fellow, how is it that you can't draw your pay and jog along?" British officialism in the twentieth century.

The Duplicity of the British.

I have had to devote some space to this duplicity of the British brain towards itself, and the blindness it produces, because these account for the ease with which the British nation is hoodwinked. English politicians engineer a war for years beforehand with unswerving consistency; everyone in touch with the leading circles is convinced that a life-and-death struggle with Germany is impending,† and in spite of all, the mass of the people are in a fool's paradise—actually believing in a rapprochement. But the moment the governing clique makes up its mind, it is the simplest thing to lead the nation by the nose, to put the fabrication of Belgian neutrality and other falsehoods forward as pretexts, in order to rush partisans, opposition and independents into passionate acclamation of their resolve. We cannot suppose the mass of the nation guilty of lying and hypocrisy; they simply know no better, and the Draconian censorship hinders every particle of information from filtering into the land. For example, four open postcards, sent to various addresses in England from a neutral country, the purport of which was: "See N. Y. Times of

*For the Boer War, see J. M. Robertson's "Wrecking the Empire," London, Grant Richards, 1901.

†See essay: "The War-Temper in France and England."

26. Dec." all came back with the English endorsement "Return, Censor." But apart from the knowledge in reach of the individual, the nation remains unanswerable for such a system of obscurantism—the natural result of waging war by deputy, any and every war, so long as it pays. It brings us to a like pass with Gunther in Wagner's Ring: "Traitor myself, and myself betrayed!"

Germany herself does not figure in the zone of factors making for war. Even adherents of the fictitious war party idea do not pretend to assign it a wider scope than that of immediate court and exclusive military circles. No country has so much to lose by war as Germany. Germany has occasion enough for vindictiveness against France, and yet she neither nourishes such a feeling nor the desire of expansion in Europe. A trade war is removed from her ambition, since her industry and commerce had been able to flourish as the mere products of energy, skill and enterprise. The "outer zone" accordingly shows us the picture of three warlike nations conspiring against one peace-loving nation.

Now we come to the "intermediate zone," to the planning of the gambit by which the victim was to be checkmated. It almost suffices to note its existence, and to note the variety of the web, if I may so say, from that of the other zones. The facts are universally known, and have been threshed bare in pamphlet and newspaper. The three conspirators draw into closer and closer mutual relations, with the natural result that their appetite for war increases, and their hopes take a more definite shape. This is an important phase; for a socialistic, republican polity like France naturally detests the autocracy of the Czar, and had been in the habit of glorifying the nihilist and Polish revolutionaries who make Paris their refuge and centre of agitation. As to Russia and England, they were at loggerheads at every point, and as for England and France, it was not for nothing that they had been at war for centuries, and that England had reduced the country with the most favorable coast line in Europe to the level of a third-rate naval power. Not love has brought these partners together in their adventure, but hate, directed against a common victim—the new-fledged, rapidly advancing empire of Germany. The mere rapprochement between powers otherwise so antagonistic to one another was the augur of the inevitable offensive. France takes the lead—this must never be overlooked—and Hueppe does well in re-establishing the true relation of events, in opposition to the attempts to shift the true centre of gravity. The perennial firebrand is France, the country which has not relented from criminal vindictiveness for an hour. When, accordingly, Russia, who had originally no quarrel with Germany, needed funds for enterprises in other directions, and for the

development of her industries, France was only too willing to oblige. But her condition was: your expansion must not be towards the east and south alone, but also towards the west. You help us and we'll help you. On this basis the Franco-Russian alliance of 1893 was established. I cannot say if an actual treaty was signed at the time, but the above understanding was arrived at. Arrogance and vindictiveness took a fresh lease of life from the new prospect of power; but the league of such incongruous elements could not escape the logical acumen of the French. In autumn, 1893, Paris abounded with caricatures which poured satire over the whole farce. The evil seed was sown over twenty years ago, but the third confederate was long in appearing, whose participation should render matters practical. One needs no initiation into the mysteries of diplomacy to perceive that England could make or mar the plot. For the latter purpose no treaty with Germany was essential, nor any enterprise against France; England need merely say: "If you two allow vanity to plunge you in a frivolous war with Germany, we shall blockade your ports"—and western Europe would have enjoyed peace without end. A German officer has just said to me that if England had only kept neutral, the war would have been over in 1914. But instead of undertaking this mission for the salvation of society, what does England do? She adopts the opposite role—as on many a previous occasion—and acts as the firebrand. The rapprochement with France was effected under the auspices of a king with not a drop of English blood in his veins. The commercial aspect was decisive from the outset, and so was Germany as the objective of the cabal. The business had to be gingerly handled. For during the Boer war the French had sided with the heroic little people even more demonstratively than the Germans; their inveterate hatred of England had found expression; English people were often spat upon in the streets. More than once when French lads hooted me, I tried the effect of German retaliation: "Donnerwetter!" (What do you take me for?) "Ah, pardon monsieur, nous croyions que vous etiez Anglais." The bust of Queen Victoria had to be removed from the Paris Exhibition building on account of perpetual indignities, while that of President Kruger was kept green with laurels, and at its side was a desk with great folio albums for expressions of sympathy with the Boers and detestation of perfidious Albion. Thousands subscribed their names, and an anthology of these outpourings would be a deserving labor at the present. In 1901 Edward VII. succeeds to the throne. He knows his mind, and how to give it effect. If gold were the only cement to unite Russia and France, commercial interests were the cement for France and England. The true inwardness of the triple entente directed against Germany is not to be discovered in any aim of

constructive policy, or furtherance of civilization, but just in the breeches pocket. King Edward knew his men. First he instigated the machinations of the Chambers of Commerce and the Stock Exchange. Among these he was in his element. We must never lose sight of the fact that not diplomatists but financiers and men of business paved the way to the entente. From its inception, it is a sort of syndicate, directed against an inconvenient competitor. As Karl Peters says in his book "England and the English," "the Anglo-Saxon world is ruled, not from Downing Street, but from Throgmorton Street." Not until the Chambers of Commerce had fomented the needful temper in the public, did King Edward set out on his mission to Paris, in May, 1903, and drink to the rapprochement between France and England. When President Loubet returned the visit in July of the same year, the English government significantly celebrated the occasion by resolving on the creation of a naval base on the German Ocean. It is "as clear as mud," as the German saying is, with slight alteration. Certain it is that the love between England and France never was of a disinterested nature. While France was advancing thousands of millions to Russia, and getting nothing for them beyond interest, the business with England went like steam. Scarce a year had elapsed since the King's visit to Paris, when the secret treaty—now no longer secret—of 8. April, 1904, was signed between England and France, in which the parties guaranteed one another in the occupation of Egypt and Morocco respectively, without consulting any of the Great Powers interested in the matter. The system of robbery a deux was inaugurated. But something else was inaugurated at the same time; the attack upon Germany was concerted, and England would have elected to proceed at once. The catastrophe was averted by the discretion and penetration of the French Cabinet in 1905. A mere accident has enlightened us regarding this elegant conspiracy against the peace of the world . . . . The then French Minister of Foreign Affairs Delcasse—now again at the same post—had been steering direct in the wake of England, when his colleagues suddenly discovered whither he was taking the ship of state, and compelled him to retire. He immediately revenged himself by publishing secret information, which the authorities sought to deny, but which was soon established, as even the "Times" had to admit. The scheme was as follows: Delcassé was to irritate Germany beyond endurance, till there was nothing for her but to declare war. As soon as Germany had incurred the odium of this step, England was to play up to France by despatching 100.000 men to Schleswig-Holstein, to occupy the Kaiser-Wilhelm canal. The support of the British navy goes without saying. The day following the disclosures, Jaurès made a speech, confirming them from his own personal knowledge.

and containing the following momentous statement: "England proposes to turn the collision between France and Germany to account for the demolition of German trade rivalry."* It is plain that the "organized destruction" of which the "Engineer" speaks was a settled thing in England, at least ten years ago.

"Why Are We At War?"

We must bear these points in mind in order to understand why we are now at war. Whether a Berchtold was clumsy or a Ssasonow vacillating in July, 1914, is a matter of detail pertaining to our "inner zone," but irrelevant to the great "middle" question of the unavoidableness of the war. What conjured up the spectre was the action or inaction of those who took advantage of the situation described for precipitating war instead of diverting those forces, and so ensuring peace—who on the contrary fanned the spark of passion and smothered the good impulses latent in every nation—who sacrificed the righteous sense of the nations to the sordid interests of the plutocrats who batten on their vitals, and dragged the knot so hard that only a Gordian stroke could release it—who have laden their miserable conscience with the blood of thousands and the woe of millions.

I need not describe the succession of events in detail. After France had gained close touch with Russia, and both were clear about their aims, and England and France about theirs likewise, came the real tug of war—the reconciliation of England and Russia. Here again hate did duty for love, and united the hostile brethren. As early as 1907 the Persian treaty was signed, which gravely menaces Germany and the Bagdad railway. But as Russia had no quarrel with Germany, England and France turned against her ally, their own old friend Austria, and set the Balkans in a ferment. In his remarkable little book, "England and the Continent,"† Alexander v. Peez, Member of the Austrian Reichsrat, gives chapter and verse to prove that the great agitation which began against Austria in 1908 was the work of British agents. Servia had accepted the formal annexation of Bosnia, which had for years been practically embodied in the Monarchy. England it was who fomented dissatisfaction by the agents she despatched, and worked it up further by help of the Russian journals she subsidized. Count Tisza declared in the Hungarian House of Magnates on the 1. March, 1909, "The origin of the whole of this agitation against us was, I grieve to say, the action of the British Government." British agitation against Austria

*Andre Tardieu also establishes England's intention to make war upon Germany as easily as 1905. See the English translation of his work, "France and the Alliances," 1908, p. 194.

†The fifth edition has just been published by Carl Fromme in Vienna. I warmly recommend this book. Everyone should read it.

has not ceased since that time. Simultaneously, the seduction of Belgium was taken in hand. From the papers discovered at Brussels we learn that an arrangement had been come to in spring, 1906, between England, France and Belgium, for the concentration in Belgium of an army contributed by these three nations, for invasion of the Rhine Province; Belgium at the same time undertook the espionage in Germany, as citizens of a neutralized state were less exposed to suspicion. The Belgian Minister in Berlin (in a secret document since come to light) stigmatizes England's action in Belgium as "perfidious," and establishes in detail her intention of falling upon Germany. Other documents have appeared which prove that King Albert had sold or tendered himself and his country to England, whose mere vassal he thenceforward was. Thus the French-English object of "encircling" the victim was attained; the noose was laid about Germany's neck, the conspirators only awaited the opportune moment for pulling the knot tight. Everyone knows what Germany has had to endure since then; knows how she has repeatedly proved her love of peace—to such a degree, in fact, that she has had to see her high-minded Emperor given the soubriquet of **Guillaume le timide** by the gutter press of Paris. The provocations of France were carried on under the safe aegis and encouragement of England. When France was disposed to yield in the Agadir business in 1911, England suddenly threw off the mask with her veto. The tone of the British press is the plainest evidence of irreconcilable animus, it has omitted nothing for years past in the way of slander and instigation to hatred.

Such is a brief—and indeed abbreviated—review of the "middle zone" of war factors. The facts are so plain that impartial judges of whatever nationality must be of one mind as to who desired war and who did not.

Likewise with respect to the innermost zone, the immediate provocation of the war, we know enough and to spare for a final judgment. Although there may be circumstances which do not come to light for a century, if ever, I would impress upon serious thinkers the duty of arriving at a clear understanding, so as to be armed against the brood of lies, which will be busier in this war than in any other to invert the facts and confuse the issues, so that when their mephitic atmosphere has become universal, they may celebrate the obsequies of Truth with their press fireworks. **"Murio la verdad"**—Truth has expired—such is the motto chosen by the great artist Goya for his etchings of "The Horrors of War." But, thank Heaven, quixotic champions of the disestablished goddess are yet to be found, both within the bounds of Germany and beyond them.

At this stage, I should have a difficult task before me, in

presenting the involved material in a perspicuous and convincing form were it not that this task has already been performed with German thoroughness and impartiality in two pamphlets which I recommend to the reader: **Die geheime Vorgeschichte des Weltkrieges, auf Grund urkundlichen Stoffes, übersichtlich dargestellt,** by Hans F. Helmolt (Leipzig, Koehler), and **Die Entstehung des Weltkrieges, im Lichte der Veröffentlichungen der Dreiverbandsmächte,** by Karl Helferich **(Verlag der Norddeutschen Allgemeinen Zeitung).** The two sources—I say "sources" advisedly, because the turbid streams are rendered clear—relieve me of an office for which I am but poorly qualified, if it were only owing to my invincible aversion to books yellow, white, blue, orange, and whatever other parliamentary colors may be in vogue, for reporting diplomatic proceedings. These stilt walks of our diplomatic gentry are little to the taste of plain men; their games of hide and seek, their inexhaustible parentheses, their giving with one hand and taking back with the other—it drives one to desperation. Moreover, one is appalled to the degree of positive pain by the contrast between the mediocre abilities of these gentlemen—their natural capacity for seeing to the bottom of a matter and making up their minds—and the power they wield over the fortunes of hundreds of millions of men. The whole conduct of business is so lamentably unpractical; none who has not studied all the despatches exchanged between the several courts of Europe can form an idea of the confusion. For while the German Ambassador is conferring with the Secretary of State in London, the British Ambassador is calling on the German Secretary of State in Berlin; the telegrams cross, the replies cross again, and in a day or two the brains of four men are addled with the result. But it is not only two powers that are treating, but five. . . . Each treats with each at two various places directly, and indirectly at three further places; the same process is going on simultaneously at every other capital; twenty ambassadors and five ministers are laboring for an understanding, twenty-five intercurrent efforts. Let us see what our dusty, long-forgotten manual says about Permutations and Combinations: that will give an idea of the possibilities of misunderstanding and confusion. It seems they go into hundreds of thousands, with the factors indicated. While we are about it, we may consult Pascal's essay already referred to, "On the Calculation of Probabilities," to get some idea of the likelihood of a reasonable result. Here the answer appears to be something between nothing and 1 per cent. And observe, I have simplified the problem. For despatches were exchanged with Servia as well, and with Italy, and other ministers besides the foreign were concerned. If bankers carried on business in this fashion they would be out of their minds in a week and bankrupt in the bargain. Pos-

sibly these wiseacres will perceive the need of a diplomatic Clearing House, which would prove a boon to Europe.

The Blue Books.

The study of Blue-Books must be undertaken with a caution. They create the impression of judicial accuracy and legal sufficiency, and that is their business. They pretend to raise outsiders like ourselves to the level of judges—they bare everything and say: There, form your own opinion! But that is a ruse. No trained lawyer would form an opinion on such a collection, for it is neither complete nor accurate. The documents are in all cases "selected"; and the moment that is done, an oblique view is presented. When five different powers, as in the present case, offer such collections, we get five oblique views, which it will need uncommon perspicacity to construct an undistorted image out of. What is worse is that we rarely have any guarantee of the authenticity of the documents cited. Where identical notes are despatched, tampering is impracticable, because a source of check exists. But even in such cases it is possible to mislead, as the British Blue-Book exemplifies, by omitting portions, and so giving a different complexion to the remainder. In the present instance, special weight attaches to the despatches of the ministers to the ambassadors of their respective countries, e. g., Ssasanow's to Iswolsky, Benckendorf, Swerbéew; Grey's to Bertie, Buchanan, Goschen, Bunsen; and conversely to their reports to their chiefs. And all of these can of course be subsequently selected, edited, shortened or lengthened, and in case of need, even fabricated. Lying is such a second nature to the French that their "Yellow Book" reads like a "novel with a purpose." For instance when a soidisant diplomatic despatch from Germany, dated 30. July, 1913, describes what Herr v. Kiderlen-Wächter says about a campaign of retaliation organized against France, in spite of the circumstance that Kiderlen-Wächter died in 1912! The British White-Book has to be accepted with like caution, for here the dates have been faked, with the plain object of casting odium upon Germany. (See the ante-dating by two days of a despatch purporting to have been received from Paris. The discrepancy of the days of the week with those of the month revealed the fraud.) Such material, accordingly, needs check at every point, and must be accepted with the greatest reserve.

A further and even more urgent warning is needful. The old adage of the "grain of salt" fails here. Not a "grain" but a sack of salt is needed for the digestion of a diplomatic despatch. I go so far as to say that none, even though he should be a diplomatist by profession, is qualified to prove the documents relating to the outbreak of the war, with respect to their real meaning and weight, unless he has

mastered the two orders of facts which I have classified in the outer and intermediate zones. The man who should approach the study of the documents submitted to the various parliaments without the above preparation, in the idea that he will so obtain accurate information, is like the deer-stalker who should apply the broad end of his field-glass to his eye. Objects are removed further from sight, not brought nearer, diminished not magnified. But the eye that has been practised on the wider, more tangible, super-personal aspects of things, is not so readily mystified by the mazes of the infernal diplomatic labyrinths. I subjoin a typical example, which exhibits the web of mendacity in all its intricacy; but I must crave the unswerving attention of the reader.

The British Blue-Book contains a long telegraphic despatch of Sir Edward Grey's to Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambasador in Berlin, numbered 101, in which the worthy custodian of British political traditions, after scouting the idea of eventual neutrality on Britain's part, and intimidating Germany as far as in him lay, suddenly changes the tune, and reaches for the seraphic harp. The despatch is dated 30. July, and of all the papers contributory to the war is the only one of real significance. The harsh prelude, the menacing tone that follows,—like a bull-dog growling under his breath—the transition to grave admonition, seasoned with assurances of sincerity and goodwill, ending with the Arcadian finale, the prospect for Germany of being received into the beautitude of the Entente. Here was a piece of Macchiavellism for a Shakespeare to pillory, to put in the mouth of some smug cardinal, minted afresh into immortal language. Hear Sir Edward—"And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals, but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite rapprochement between the Powers than has been possible hitherto." Any uninitiated person who has followed me to this point, possibly with the essay on the War-Temper in mind, will wonder how in the world such sentiments could be squared with the events. Does there arise in mind the picture of an Edward Grey pensively longing, and "labouring," in the sweat of his brow, to

establish cordial relations, not between England and Germany alone, but between Russia and Germany, and even between France and Germany? One doubts one's senses! For years past the British cry rings in our ears: We must cripple Germany: We must throttle Germany; (p. 18) for years both parties of British politicians play the encircling game, reject every overture from Germany, openly encourage the French retaliation-mania, instigate France to war in 1905, are ready to embark in it themselves, have not a word of abhorrence for the fell deed of Serajevo (a most significant symptom; Servia is the spirited nation, the heroic little people; sober journals inspired from above inform us that great portions of Germany are set apart for Russia, France and Belgium, while the French aim at nothing less than erasure of Germany from the map) . . . And now this declaration of Grey's, these golden—if strictly qualified—prospects! Germany might again "be a party" —be released from her isolation, be protected against further aggressive policy, even on the part of France, and Austrian princes no longer be assassinated under the auspices of Russian ambassadors! How Grey is to accomplish all this, I do not pretend to know—to make France renounce her revenge, and Russia her hegemony in the Balkans? The only way to this idyll is by retracing the path of Edward VII. policy and appearing as the open and resolute friend of Germany. Then, to be sure, the whole conflict would be brushed aside, and we should have peace humming merrily throughout Europe. But this is what England has set her face against. Riddles, insoluble riddles. How to square these things—how, how to square them, is the refrain of our thought. What may the solution be? I shall not prolong the reader's suspense. The answer simply is that they don't square. After viewing matters from a comprehensive point of view, we perceive that they cannot square,—that this verbiage answers to no reality, for the rest of the documents confute the pretension. Two alternative interpretations are open to us: either the whole unctuous passage is an interpolation, addressed to the public at home and abroad, to exhibit Germany in an evil light,—a successful adventure, in view of the current incapacity for reflection; or else it is a last resort of unscrupulous diplomacy to mislead Germany, to trade upon her proved leaning to peace and on the integrity of her Emperor and his Chancellor.

But before dismissing Sir Edward Grey's imperishable No. 101, we must go deeper, and for the purpose, the salt-sack I have alluded to will have to be filled to the brim.

Russia At Fault.

We must bear in mind that the precipitation of the war is Russia's doing. This fact is vital. Everyone understands what it was that aroused the conflict between Austria and

Servia; what Austria demanded and why she had to demand it is plain. We know that when Austria mobilized in consequence of Servia's rejection of the terms proposed, —which would have ensured the punishment of the instigators of the crime—she solemnly pledged herself not to take or occupy Servian territory nor to infringe the sovereign rights of that state. (German White-Book, No. 10.) It was a question of police administration, so to speak, between Austria and Servia. If none had interfered, things would have been settled in a month, and the status quo restored, with the only difference that the instigators of the crime would be in prison, and that Servia would have learned the lesson of leaving Austria in peace, a lesson Europe might take to heart as well. Whoever knows eastern Europe knows that Servia is a nest of intriguers and ranters, who persuade themselves that they are the hub of creation, and who have not a good word for anyone. As capable, brave, and massive as the Croatian character is, so frivolous, empty and vicious is that of their Servian cousins. Out of the multitude that enthuses for Servia in England, France and Italy, and spreads the fatuous phrase of the Czar about the "disgraceful war upon a weak nation," how many know anything of the circumstances? If they did, they would understand what Austria has had to endure from this one neighbor for two generations past. Nevertheless, one might expect that when they learn how an Austrian Prince and Princess are murdered on their own soil by Servians, and it further appears that the assassins are not desperadoes, but youths inspired by political ideals, unhinged by the wild aspirations of the "Great Servians," emissaries of a conspiracy that includes Servian officers of the regular army and high officials, and that the bombs hail from a Servian arsenal, that a Servian major instructed the assassins in their use and that higher officials helped to smuggle them across the border—well, one might expect a wave of indignation to sweep over Europe at this unexampled outrage. The fact that this did not occur, notable as it is, has been much too little noted. This silence is a conspiracy of the English, French, Russian and Italian press, which as a rule exploit sensational news to the uttermost. After the first ebullition of feeling was over, the subject was buried. Nothing can account for such an incongruity but pressure from above. Meanwhile the Austrian courts proceeded with their investigation; it became more and more evident that the deed was not planned by a few individuals, but by a wide-spread conspiracy, ramifications of which extended up to the immediate entourage of the Servian Crown Prince. A single item from the established evidence speaks volumes. An honest man in Belgrade got wind of the villainous plot; he hurried to the Austrian legation to give warning; it was the day before the murder, it might still be averted; but the con-

spirators were vigilant, and had the officials at their back; the informant was arrested on the very steps of the legation, on some frivolous pretext, and detained 48 hours. When he was set free, it was too late. Another significant circumstance is that the hideous crime was acclaimed throughout the length and breadth of Servia; the Austrian Red-Book contains the reports from Belgrade, Uesküb and Nisch; so far from condemning the crime as the act of irresponsible fools, the Servians celebrated the dastardly murder as an act of patriotism.

One must bear these facts in mind, because the was has relegated them to the background. Upon this, Austria made peremptory demands. Besides those directed towards the chronic agitation against Austria, the suppression of inflammatory societies, etc., one of the demands deserves special attention, namely, that a police investigation should be held at Belgrade immediately, and that Austrian delegates should take part in it. Austria had not demanded, as Servia and Russia pretend, that she should participate in the judicial procedure, which would be incompatible with Servian independence, but only to ensure the due collection of all the pertinent material. Austria, in fact, was making a demand parallel to the one Russia makes in Paris, with her bureau de sécurité—no extravagant demand, surely. (See Berchtold's telegram to Scapàry of 27. July.) It must not be forgotten that in a country like Servia the administration of justice is of the most primitive order, and officials commit the most arbitrary acts. Had Austria not made this condition, the whole investigation would have proved a farce, as had happened before in matters of less moment. Where the shadow of guilt reached up to such high quarters, what else was to be expected? Servia, disposed to yield in most points, stood out against this one. But before refusing definitely, her Crown Prince telegraphed to the Czar, calling upon him for "instant help." The reply was: "Russia will never abandon Servia." Russia stood to the murderers from the first; this must be borne in mind. Like the Servian nation, the Czar likewise has no word of abhorrence for the crime, nor any desire of a searching investigation. And now consider the German Ambassador's telegram to the Imperial Chancellor on 24. July, 1914, immediately after his first conversation with Ssasonow about the Austrian demands: "The Minister used intemperate language about Austro-Hungary, and was greatly excited. He emphatically declared there could be no question of the Austro-Servian difference being fought out between the parties." This is remarkable. Self-command and inscrutability are part of the stock-in-trade of the diplomatist. Whence this uncontrolled temper and passionate intervention in a matter which was no concern of Russia's, and the clearing up of which must be the desire of every fair-minded person?

The Russian Minister betrays himself—as he does again later—by his resentment of Austria's demand to take part in the police investigation. The careful observer is the more struck by the Minister's attitude, because not on this occasion only, but on the days following, he exhibits a genuine desire of peace and hope of maintaining it, in remarkable contrast with the French, who beat the war-drum and resent every measure that might relieve the tension*). In contrast likewise with the disingenuous, vacillating attitude of the English, who would gladly have kept out of the fray, but spare no pains to get the others at loggerheads. Whatever Ssasonow's motives may have been—for I cannot divine them—he was genuinely desirous of avoiding war; the whole correspondence gives that impression; to the end, and even later, he is in favor of an understanding with Austria, if she would drop that one stipulation, for that is the purpose of his continual reference to "dignité d' un pays indépendant," otherwise he would meet her to any extent. A strange spectacle—earnest desire of peace, and yet readiness to plunge the world in war, rather than let Austria take part in the preliminary police investigation of the Serajewo murder? The explanation is not far to seek. If Austrian officials had taken part in the investigation, it would have become plain that Russia was implicated in the perennial intrigues against Austria, the murder not excepted,—that Russian influence, partly official, partly unofficial, had been operative, an influence that extends, circle by circle, up to the steps of the throne itself. That is my firm conviction. These silly blue and red and orange and white books, whose business is to bury Truth as deep as they can, may nevertheless defeat themselves and furnish the clues for her exhumation: "il n' est question que d' avoir bonne vue." If Austria's condition had been accepted, we should have had the spectacle of "Holy Russia" at work; and that had to be prevented at any cost. Moreover, the irascible, unwary and in so far congenial, Ssasonow had given himself away in another particular; for in his comprehensive communiqué of 2. August, he falsely accuses Austria of "indicting the whole Servian nation with the murder of Serajewo" by which she has "enlisted the sympathies of all Europe in Servia's behalf." A complete inversion of fact. Austria did just the contrary. So far from charging the whole people, she demanded search for the guilty individuals, and that was precisely what Russia could not afford to have done. We can only conclude that definite individuals, Russians to wit, would have been un-

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*Compare Ssasonow's conversation with the French and British Ambassadors on the same day (24. July—English Blue-Book, Nr. 6) and the truculent attitude of the Frenchman, which appears in Nos. 28, 36 and 53 of the Russian Orange-Book.

masked as the instigators, paymasters, and accessories of the murder. Nobody knew that better than Ssasonow, hence his excitement, his intemperate language, and his passionate opposition to this item of the programme, combined with astonishing compliance on other points,—astonishing, that is, if honor had been the real issue. Not Russia's honor was at stake, but the prospect of her foul play coming out.

Whether my explanation of Ssasonow's contradictory attitude be the true one or no, so much is clear from the documents, that war was precipitated by the violent intervention of Russia; but for Russia's action, there would be no war.

Austria's Alleged Claims.

Now Ssasonow affirms—but only in the document cooked up subsequently—that Austria was turning events to account in order to attain the hegemony of the Balkans. That is well enough for a morning "leader," but will not stand investigation. Even if Austria entertained such an ambition, she must prepare for it, not by extending her boundaries, but by consolidating within the existing ones. Neither Austria nor Hungary can desire a still greater preponderance of the Slav element; moreover the Croatians would revolt at the idea of the hated Serbs becoming their fellow-citizens. As Count Berchtold truly says in his despatch of 25. July, "Austria-Hungary is saturated in point of territory,"—a condition that the insatiable Russia may be unable to comprehend. And whence should Austria-Hungary derive the power to defy the whole of Europe, by breaking her solemn promise? The whole eastern situation renders such perfidious policy impracticable, the more so as Austria would then find Germany as well as Russia against her. The upshot is that war could be averted by one means only, namely, by England and France following Germany's example in friendly endeavors to calm Russia. They would have had to say: "The matter is purely the affair of the two parties; Austria must get peace; she cannot allow an outrage like that to go unpunished—cannot content herself with executing a couple of misguided youths, while the arch-culprits continue in office and honors. No state in the world could afford such a thing without forfeiting its honor and dignity. So keep cool; if Austria, contrary to all expectation should break her word, we stand together, all Europe against Austria." Such was the safe and sole means of averting war. For Ssasonow fully admits that Russia would not embark upon war single-handed; France at least must stand by her. (British Blue-Book, No. 17.) A word from France and England, and the spectre was laid. And now how do France and England act? Just in the opposite way to the one peace requires. France in particular works for war from the

outset. Significantly enough, the first conference between a Foreign Minister and à British Ambassador takes place at the centre of disturbance, Petersburg, and not at the Russian Ministry, but at the French Embassy! The Frenchman, who had been posted to Petersburg purely as an incendiary, loses not a moment with his urgent plea for "a firm attitude on the part of Russia"—augments Ssasonow's perturbation instead of seeking to allay it by presenting matters in their true light. In the sequel, too, France displays an impetuosity, in contrast with which Russia and England appear sober and responsible. Germany's well-meant effort in Paris to unite the powers in a common advocacy of peace at St. Petersburg is flouted with indignation, as an "effort to compromise France"; she repudiates **"toute solidarite aves l'Allemagne"** (Yellow-Book, No. 62). Humiliating as it is for England, it is nevertheless most instructive to observe how she is nudged and pricked and hustled by France till she definitely decides for war; for England, although in spirit at one with France, proceeds more cautiously and covertly as far as the outward effect goes. To be sure, the British Ambassador Buchanan opens the prospect of "pressure upon Germany and Austria," where a friendly hint to Russia might have ended the danger once for all. But England is at first nervous and vacillating; on July 24th, Buchanan makes the naive admission that a war in the apparent cause of the Servian assassins "would not be popular in England," which is endorsed by Grey; and on the 25th, he expresses the urgent warning that Russian mobilization will inevitably entail that of Germany. But she can hardly get breath between her impetuous allies; if only she will hold firm to them, there will be no war, they urge (British Blue Book, No. 17). The French Ambassador in London plays his trump card and produces the convention of 1912—why, you are bound!* And do not fail to note that although England may seem to hesitate, her whole huge fleet happens to be ready mobilized, and that the demobilization fixed for the 24th of July has been secretly countermanded. England, in fact, is of all the powers concerned, the one most forward with her armaments. What England's real line has been is rendered plain, through all the mist of moral compunc-

*At this point as at others, Sir Edward Grey has resorted to falsehood, by repeatedly giving Parliament the assurance that no treaty existed between England and France. To be sure, there was no treaty, in the English or German sense, for that is not the French practice. The weightiest bargains are closed by the exchange of identical notes, which gives them legal value; and such was the form of the contract between England and France. The English note of 22. Nov. 1912 and the corresponding French one of 23. Nov. are given by Helmolt, pp. 71, sqq. The diplomatic agent who shortly after communicated these documents to the German government truly remarks: "England has sold herself irretrievably to the French revanche."

tion and virtuous asseverations, by Ssasonow's effusive gratitude, even before the breach with Austria. "Czar, Government and People will never forget the firm attitude of Great Britain at this crisis!" Firm, that is, against Germany, and Germany's persevering efforts for peace. Germany alone—for unfortunately Austria does not here come into question—labored to preserve the peace of Europe from first to last. For this action of Germany—in the fact of the brazen lies of the French—we possess an unchallengable witness in no less a personage than Sir Edward Grey himself, who speaks as follows in No. 77 of the British Blue Book: "If war can still be averted, all would acclaim the German Imperial Chancellor as the savior of the peace of Europe." A notable pronouncement and unintentional admission, for what was there to prevent Grey himself and Ssasonow and Viviani from emulating Bethmann-Hollweg? We have seen that Russia is driven by blind forces; but England and France act with deliberation. What was there to prevent them from electing peace instead of war? If each had spoken a word in the sense of the belauded German statesman, the danger would have been averted. So it was not their will. Indeed, the very day that Grey telegraphed the words to Goschen about the Chancellor as the savior of peace, he received Prince Lichnowski, to threaten him directly with war! Had this been a strictly confidential communication, it might appear in the light of a pressure upon Germany, and nothing further. What gives it another complexion is the circumstance of **Grey previously informing the French Ambassador of his intended threat.** This, of course, was forthwith telegraphed to Paris, whence Iswolski, the chief Russian wire-puller for years past, transmitted it to Petersburg. Result—mobilization of the whole Russian army! Thus it was reserved for England, though she may at first have shuddered at the iniquitous occasion of the war, to throw in the decisive weight; it is her intervention that turns the scale. This, then, is the picture that presents itself: Russia, wild with fear at the prospect of her Pan-Slvistiv machinations being exposed, blocks Austria's claim to be represented in the police investigation of the Serajevo crime, and resorts to bluff, without really meaning business. France raves for war at any cost, and leaves no stone unturned to get Russia and England into situations from which there is no receding. England is virtually committed towards France, and Russia's ardor is quite to her mind; but less so is the pretext of standing by the regicide state—that is a trifle "too Russian," and makes England hesitate; but Cambon, the cunning Ambassador in London, knows the Briton's weak side, and the end of it is that he is jockeyed into making the spring.

The last doubt we might entertain is removed by the inimitable luck with which a letter of the Belgian Minister in Petersburg, M. de l'Escaille, of July 30, fell into the hands of the German government. This neutral and assuredly not pro-German witness begins by saying that Germany, and Germany alone, had done all in her power to avert war, but had failed to break the obstinacy of Austria or to allay the suspicion of Russia. He goes on to say that the whole Russian army is being secretly mobilized (the public decree is dated July 31), and ends by saying that what decided the situation was the certainty that England would support France in the war, and that "binding assurances" must have been received in Petersburg on July 29. "This support," he adds, "counts for everything and has been of no little service in giving the war party the upper hand."

And now at length, if the reader has followed me so far, I am in a position to enforce my point. Sir Edward Grey's telegraphic despatch to Sir Edward Goschen for communication to the Imperial Chancellor, with its dulcet tones towards Germany, is of the identical date with M. de l'Escaille's despatch from Petersburg! Everything had been planned, engineered, set in motion by the three conspirators. In Russia the general mobilization against Germany and Austria was on foot; France had sent trainloads of soldiers into Belgium days before (as is established by numerous witnesses); on July 30 the 45th French Infantry is transported to Namur in auto wagons—all of which was known to Grey, but did not hinder him from treating with Germany about the "neutrality of Belgium" on August 1.* And now I beg the reader to re-peruse Grey's despatch (p. 43) and ask himself what the meaning of such words can be. How do they square with the situation? At first reading we put the same question, and it appeared like a flagitious trifling with impossibilities. Now, however, that we have before our mind a picture of the "inner zone" of war factors—only in broad features, but faithful, and in a just light, as I trust—all we can say is that the despatch is a deliberate mystification, at best an appeal to the "gallery"; the words are not spoken to their nominal addressees, but to the outside public. It is a complete fraud; for Grey makes promises that he is powerless to fulfil, even if he had a mind to; and his acts prove that he had no such mind. But what was the sense of the fraud? Was it merely to cut a better figure before his electors and party? Or did he

*According to No. 123 of the Blue-Book, Sir Edward Grey refused to guarantee England's neutrality under any circumstances; not even if Germany kept clear of Belgian territory, would England renounce a share in the war.

really expect Germany to take the bait and betray her ally—a betrayal, by the way, that would have greatly facilitated the prospective "annihilation" of Germany? I know not, nor do I care.

From the above example the reader may discern with how much caution and circumspection diplomatic assurances are to be accepted. This amount of detail has been needful, because questions like the present are so involved, and, what is worse, are involved on purpose, until none can unravel them, and the Devil has it all his own way. Full consideration was needful, because the question of "Who is to blame for the war?" is no ordinary one, but a question the import of which is nothing short of sacred. Not everyone is to be put off with a party cry or a patriotic catch word, but demands the right of thorough investigation. I do not pretend to have gone to the bottom of matters in this slender sketch; my purpose is to establish certain points of view, to indicate methods, and to furnish a few hints. The factors of the problem are fairly plain, the "outer zone" of general and permanent forces making with almost elemental certainty for war; the "middle zone," in which the plot is hatched against Germany; and the "innermost zone," consisting of elements that overtake one another in their impetuous career, which makes the phases of their combination much harder to seize and correspondingly easy to misrepresent. But, as Goethe says, nothing is so hard to seize as what is right in front of us. To make it easier is the object of the present attempt.

Many minds will incline to deeper research of the problem; many more will find the present measure sufficient, inasmuch as certainty is reached as to who provoked the war, and who sought to avert it. We have not confined ourselves to generalities, but have seen much in detail, and have reached a definite conclusion. We have, in fact, approached that "optimum" of truth which I referred to at p. 10. Let us be mindful of Pascal's warning: "Too much truth paralyzes the understanding," and also remember Goethe's admonition, "The fertile alone is the true."

If I had to distinguish the roles of the powers answerable for the war, I should say France was the most ruthless but at the same time the most sincere. She never wore a mask; she burned for war; the ignorance and brutality of her ministers and diplomatists combines almost grotesquely with the "raffinement" of their cunning. Russia is and remains a mystery. One never gets the impression that the leaders are really leading, a phantom hand always reaches out from the mist to direct; blind natural forces suppress all individual, human striving, even that of the best intentioned. England has sacri-

ficed the heritage of a nation of naturally high moral endowment to the tradition of a sordid policy, a policy lower than those of Russia or France, for England desires the downfall of Germany just because of Germany's incomparable merits; England's motive is envy—envy of trade, wealth, science, intellect, humanity—"Bruderneid," the envy that poisons the hearts of brothers. "A stands for Abel," said the primer of my childhood, and it continued: "Abel was a better man than Cain, so Cain hated him, and slew him." The logic of that "so" was a puzzle to my infantile brain, and I shall carry the puzzle to my grave. But there are English people who find it quite simple.

May God set His seal on the truth, is what I pray—the truth that the nation best alive to the blessing of peace is the best fit to fulfil the purpose of war!

Bayreuth, January 31, 1915.

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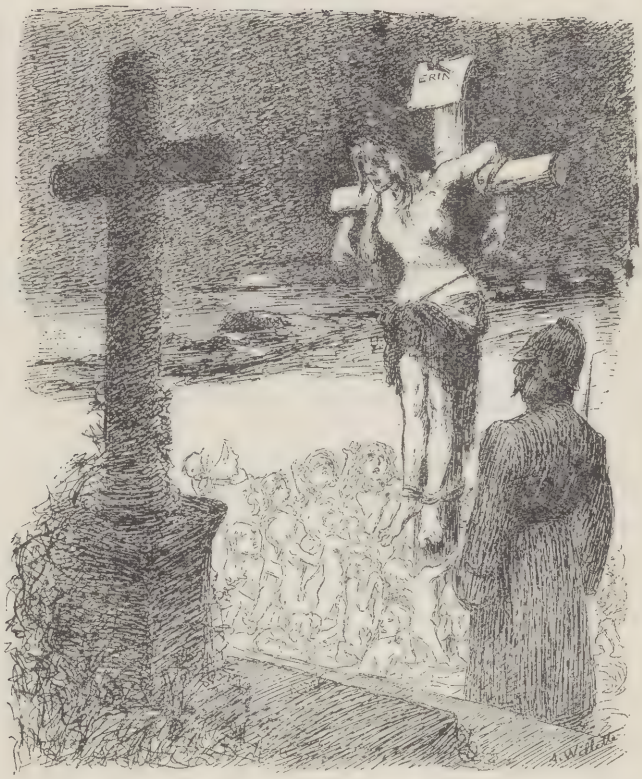
Preface

The following letter, written by a distinguished American living in London, to an English friend, living in New York, is one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the war. The letter was not meant for publication, and if we have refrained from any changes or abbreviations we have done so to avoid every appearance of coloring or editorial censorship. We have been permitted by the recipient of the letter to publish it, and special credit is due to the broadmindedness of this Englishman; for it is needless to say that he does not at all agree with the opinions of his American correspondent in London. At the same time it is most gratifying to note from this letter that the representatives of the two fighting "Weltanschauungen" are endeavoring so hard not only to fight, but also to understand one another.

—R. K.

The Island of the Saints.

(From "Le Rire")



L'Irlande.—"O Dieu, que j'ai si longtemps implore . . . . . Seriez-vous Anglais?"

(Ireland.—"Oh, my God, whom I have implored so long . . . are you English, too?")

A Letter from an American in London to an Englishman in New York

(Reprinted from the VITAL ISSUE, Vol. II, Nos. 23 and 24).

My dear . . . .

At last I have time to answer your two excellent and interesting, albeit controversial, letters.

First, as to our relative invulnerability to national or tribal prejudice. If I write as a German, you say, I must permit you to write as an Englishman. To that stipulation I make no demur, although I deny the premise or surmise. To write "as an Englishman" implies, therefore, as you confess, to write in a particular, that is, a biased way. But *I* do not write as a *German,* nor even as an *American.* If my intellectual and philosophic tendencies have striven in any direction at all, it has been away from all national prejudices or inherited ideas. I have always had a poor opinion of that brand of patriot who cries: "Right or wrong, my country." If I have had my personal leaning towards any people (up to 1913) it was toward the English, if I have felt a strong attachment to any particular soil, it has been to that of my native state of Minnesota. I have struggled to attain, even though I may not have attained, a kind of cosmopolitan freedom of soul.

As to Germany, I do not deny that my German descent may predispose me to sympathy with or to a sympathetic understanding of that land. Incidentally my ancestors were all Suabians, and I was not brought up in a tradition of reverence for Prussia. Moreover, my intimate personal acquaintance with English people and conditions, and with German and American, gives me, you will agree, a point of view which, so far

as relative values go, should weigh more in the scale of objective fairness than your own, which as that of a "true Briton" must naturally be discounted. Apart from this, my point of view is supported by several bold and honest English publicists who have spoken out, and I believe that you will grant that such evidence outweighs everything else. So the odds, my dear chap, so far as the relative value of the testimony goes, or the natural prejudice, are against you at the start. Of course, if you happen to be a Briton of the "right or wrong" school, all argument is absolutely futile, but from my personal knowledge of you, and from that excellent letter you wrote to the . . . . I do not believe that patriotism has had the same corroding effect upon you as upon many other English friends of mine. If a patriot balks at no wrong, he must in reason defend every crime once it is committed by his country.

During the American-Spanish war I was a strong opponent of my country's policy. For precisely the same reason I am today an opponent of England's policy. Those reasons have their root in something that lies higher than patriotism or prejudice, namely, in the world of abstract justice and ideas, for ideas mean more to me than deeds, and civilization more than patriotism, and the race more than any particular nation. By these tests I have judged England's attitude, and I believe that by these mankind will ultimately condemn her.

Emanations of a Mad-house.

Do not be offended if I say that nearly all the charges you hurl at the head of Germany betray their origin by their form and content. That is, they are the villainous and hackneyed product of the unspeakable and degraded English press, or its even baser echoes among the American. Drawn from this unclean, hideously malignant and distorted vehicle or source, what real value can you give such evidence—what reliance place upon it? Before such newspapers or their readers have the right to judge Germany they must first know her—and *not* through a medium of calumny and hate. That no one can know a nation or a people unless he speak their language or has lived among them, is a fact which this grotesque war proves up to the hilt—if it prove anything. The ghastly things printed by even so-called "reputable" journals

concerning Germany and the Germans are so puerile that even contempt and ridicule would be wasted emotions in judging them. I saw a scrap-book of cuttings from the press yesterday—they seemed the emanations of a mad-house.

This war is not a spontaneous smash-up, it is the culmination of a long vendetta, the eruption of long-accumulated stores of hatred, malice, fear, envy, and diplomatic plottings, and journalistic propaganda to poison the people. Relations had become so strained that there was no elasticity left for discussion or conference. If we regard it from an historical rather than from a national point of view, we get nearer the truth. If there be any moral essence in History, the greater share of the guilt must fall to the Triple Entente, since their rule was that of conspirators and assassins forestalled.

It is futile to search for the real truth in diplomatic documents or carefully-prepared, official "papers," such as the ridiculous and belated French statement you sent me so diligently underlined. The language, the end of all diplomacy is to deceive. The real documents are always suppressed—as Letter 123 of the English White Paper would have been suppressed had it been safe or had its significance not been overlooked. In the one penny Edition of the White Paper several dates were suppressed.

Bellicose France and "the German Enigma."

Let us go back a little. In 1813 Germany or the German States fought to secure liberty from the intolerable and ceaseless oppression of Napoleon. In 1870 she fought to secure her rights to unity, again against French interference, in 1914 that heroic land is fighting to secure her national existence and persistence against a powerful coalition bent upon her downfall. The seeds of this immense slaughter of today were planted in Europe by France after 1870. For 44 years that vengeful and quixotic nation has kept her wounded pride open like a running sore, has kept the fires of her tribal hate, of her miserable policy of *revanche* stoked to the full. Her chauvinists were supreme, she has refused all peaceful overtures from Germany, she has debased her so-called republican principles by bribing corrupt and mediaeval Russia with huge war loans

to arm against the neighbor she was too cowardly to attack alone. She was far more of a militarist nation than Germany, for her militarism is far more pervasive of her population, conscription there being absolutely universal, whereas in Germany it is only partial. If Germany was martial, France was sullen, unreconcilable, bellicose. If you care to understand the attitude of Germany towards France, read "The German Enigma" by Georges Bourdon (Dutton), a French Journalist who interviewed leading Germans last year for the *Figaro,* and then contrast their utterances with that of the author himself—one of the most enlightened Frenchmen: France developed a sudden, sentimental passion for her two lost provinces—German land and German blood—of which Germany has been ruthlessly robbed by Louis the XIVth, and which, prior to 1870, France had always neglected in a scornful, stepmotherly way. With money and *agents provocateurs* she kept discontent alive there, long after Germany had developed and enriched these provinces.

If you had a belligerent, revengeful, plotting Latin neighbor like France, would you not arm to the teeth to hold her in check? Germany armed to prepare for the threatened revanche. Natural result—a great defensive German militarism, and the formation of the Triple Alliance to keep peace. Your charge of Germany's "war propaganda" is answered. Germany was ready for war, but both the people and the government wanted peace, since peace was essential to their greatest interests. Yet it was absolutely necessary to keep warned and armed that easy-going and pacific people. There has never been a war party in Germany—like "militarism" and "war lord" these terms are the invention of those whose interests it serves to misrepresent Germany.

Germany's Mistakes and the Mob-mind.

There is no doubt that Germany has committed many mistakes. For many years her ruler has been the most prominent personality in the world. But this versatile and really gifted man, the Kaiser, spectacular, romantic, absurdly pietistic, himself a man of peace (despite his misleading aggressive moustaches). made the great mistake of not seeing that the world judges by outward appearances and not by inner intentions. Another great fault of Germany's—from the

standpoint of national expediency—is this: she has always been too open; too honest, in deed, in display, in diplomacy, the Bismarckian tradition (Ems telegram? a French story that) but fatal without a Bismarck. The ignorant Englishman and American (and all the "average" ones, always flattered by newspapers, are ignorant) need only hear of Germany's wonderful army, of the "War Lord" or see him in his Death Hussar's uniform, to envisage all Germany as a ruthless mass of militarists, spoiling for a fight. And for some four decades this impression has been steadily and unscrupulously fostered by a well-organized French and English press bureau. Result of latter German cable to the United States. The ease with which, after the outbreak of the war, the unthinking mob swallowed the formula "militarism" because it was held up as something vaguely terrible, and beslubbered the Kaiser merely because he was prominent, and called Germany the aggressor merely because she "called the long-impending bluff" of Russia and France, was a revelation of how little faith may be placed in the mob-mind of modern democracies.

England's Sensitive Pocket.

The chief motives of England's antagonism of Germany are found there where England's chief interests have always lain—in the pocket. The first distrust came from her when Germany subdued France, the first outburst of venom when the superior intelligence, industry and efficiency of German merchants began to capture a share of the world's trade. I have studied the progress of all this myself; and the ill-will of England naturally produced a corresponding tension in Germany. When Germany began to build her great fleet without England's permission, further ill-feeling was engendered and positive hostility, and England determined "to smash Germany's fleet" as the surest way of destroying that splendid commerce and mercantile fleet with which her own inferior brains could not cope. That and her traditional tactics of setting one nation against another are Great Britain's real motives for her heroic participation in the war. And once more I repeat that the commercial lust became instantly manifest on the outbreak of the war in the disgusting yell of "War on Germany's Trade." It re-echoed in all the newspapers, it screamed and still screams at

you from every boarding—ten sheet posters showing Britannia with a doll's face and a smug expression standing nobly erect, sword in hand—above her head the flaming inscription "Business as Usual." There are "Revues" with this title at the Hippodrome, the whole country is soaked in this sentiment—every filthy shop-keeper slubbers patriotism and profits with the same breath. The circular I sent you is not published by a German Jew, but by William Heineman, an English Jew, England's leading publisher, and the book consists of leading articles reproduced from prominent newspapers.

Campaign of Foulest Vilification.

But a war for avowed business reasons was, of course, even a little too crude for even the British case. So a righteous "cause" had to be found or manufactured, and this came in the shape of Belgian neutrality, defense of a smaller nation, of treaties, of honor pledged, etc. The assassin acknowledged that he had been plotting against his neighbor and then made a virtue out of keeping his infamous promise, just as soon as he saw it was safe to do so. The robber and coward was even able to disguise his real motives most cunningly by the aid of his slavish hypocritical press and to pose as a benefactor, a noble champion! An artificial fury against the enemy had to be engendered to inspire the ignorant, good-natured and lethargic masses, who, of course had always been more or less poisoned by the filthy anti-German campaigns of such rags as the "Mail" and "Express." England controlled the cables of the world and therefore the press. Her newspapers carried out the official program. She was able to blacken the character of her antagonist in a campaign of the foulest vilification the world has ever seen—tactics which ought to make every decent Englishman blush for his land. And that the world, at least in the beginning of things, was gulled, seems to me something in the nature of a tragic farce whose victim is humanity. It proves the power of the lie, the power of the press. It shows the force of "mass-suggestion," the fertile soil of ignorance and its pitiable fruits. Once more it proves the correctness of the ancient dictum that the majority is nearly always in the wrong.

As to Russia, the blackest and most dreadful tyr-

anny that ever cursed the globe—what were her motives? Expansion westward at the expense of her neighbors and a civilization superior to her own. The incredible arrogance of this country with its inexhaustible resources and immense territory attempting to encroach upon the land of its less fortunate neighbor is one of the most ghastly things in history. And it is in the interests of this bestial power that threatens to swamp Europe, that short-sighted England and revengeful France have joined to weaken Germany!

The Cant About Belgium.

If one says a word of defense of Germany the Briton retorts with the word "Belgium." Since that question has been effectually disposed of by certain courageous English writers, it is futile to go into the details or arguments again. But the ruin of the country or rather its downfall (for reconstruction is already under way) must be attributed to England. For it was England who refused to permit the struggle to remain an eastern one, and deliberately involved western Europe. She distinctly commanded, that is the precise word for it, distinctly *commanded* her dupe Belgium (already involved by secret plots) to resist the German passage, knowing that inevitable ruin would befall that little land. The resistance of Belgium may have been heroic, but it was suicidal and hardly suicidal in a noble sense. It is a question whether it was not absolutely criminal. Neither her honor nor her integrity were involved, especially after her stand at Liege. There is not the slightest doubt that she could not have resisted the passage of French or English troops. She made her choice, was betrayed by her friends and must take the consequences. I am sick of this revolting cant about Belgium.

Freedom and Kultur.

You speak of the relative freedom in England and Germany, and like many who have never lived in the latter country, imagine it to be one mass of "verboten" signs and truculent "Polizei." Yet I assure you that there is more moral, intellectual, artistic and personal freedom in Germany than in either England or America. It is a land where the real welfare of the majority is the direct concern of high-minded and intelligent rulers. There are, of course, certain Spartan ideals in vogue among the aristocracy, especially the

martial elements, but that has produced the most virile race in the world. As for an advanced civilization in a modernistic sense no land has as yet attained the level reached by Germany. During my recent visit there I could feel this tremendous spirit informing all things—a realization in a great degree of a kind of state of the future—a sort of H. C. Wells vision. A new, absolutely modern conception of life was in these people; you felt that vital ideals were at work here, that another great moral or intellectual influence was shaping itself in this land. You can have no conception of what I mean, but the Germans comprise it in that fine and profound word of theirs, "Kultur"—now so atrociously besmirched by every filthy little journalistic cur.

Hooligans and Professors.

England with the degenerate and degraded industrial population her greed had called into being, the stunted and bloodless hordes that swarm in her unspeakable slums, has been forced to adopt the beneficent Prussian social reform measures as the only means of relief. Lloyd George's Insurance Act is as direct a steal from a German model, as are the patents of German inventors which the noble British Government, most mindful of its honor in connection with "scraps of paper," immediately permitted to be stolen wholesale on declarations of the war. And as for British business honor in regard to contracts. I have had many disastrous experiences.

As for the relative acerbity of tone of the English and German press (I see a great many German papers here through a friend who translates choice bits for English consumption in the press) it reminds me of nothing so much as a hooligan contrasted with a dignified resentful yet courteous professor. It is futile to inveigh against the gutter press of England at the present time, for there is practically no other. The people tolerate it and the Government sanctions it. The land is steeped in the bilious excreta of the "Daily Mail."

"Tommies" and Germans.

You mention the valor of the British soldiers, which, of course, no one disputed, though the boastful official reports of General French would lead one to think so. Soldiers, good soldiers, will fight as well for one lie as

for another. That phrase "the contemptible little army" was merely an English recruiting lie. Yet it is a fact that the regulars of the English army are drawn from the idlest, most brutal and unimaginative levels of the population—and therefore, not without justice, looked down upon in times of peace. Contrast with this type the better educated, more imaginative and sensitive German soldier, conscript or volunteer (the sturdy peasant class excepted) and again tell me how you would estimate the relative value of these men from the actual fighting? The English territorials are on a higher level than the English Tommies, to be sure, but inferior again to the Germans in education. When General French and General Joffre discuss plans in common they are forced to "talk" in dumb-show, on the other hand almost every common German private knows French or English. As for the employment of Ghoorkas, Senegalese and Turcos against white men, on European battlefields that is another crime against civilization and the race for which France and England will one day have to pay dearly—especially in their colonies. The English and French prisoners in Germany should be forced to eat and sleep with their nigger comrades in arms.

Dublin and Zabern.

With much naivete you ask why Germany chose a time when England was on the brink of a civil war? Is it possible that this liberator of little nations, etc., could have been in any so tragic a fix? Of course Germany with malice aforethought chose this time and murdered the Arch-duke in order to declare war on two great powers and possibly three, with nothing in particular to gain—all out of sheer wantonness. The fact is that the blood of innocent people spilled by England soldiery in the streets of Dublin (worse than any Zabern) and the consequent crisis, was only another motive for England's eager participation in the war. If Germany, as you say, carried on a propaganda of treason in South Africa, why was it not discovered long before? Do you hold it unnatural that all Boers not yet corrupted by English money or "honors," should strive to recover their real independence? And with England plotting against Germany with powerful nations, why should not Germany plot against England with weaker ones?

You mention Antwerp—the bombs dropped on that city were correctly dropped, the place being a fortress. Even the blindly jaundiced London Times acknowledged that. The first to drop bombs on undefended cities (Nurnburg and Frankfort) were the French. And again you revert to Belgium. These tales of "atrocities" seem immortal. I do not doubt that there were some atrocities—for these are inevitable in any war. Yet furiously Anti-German investigators have been unable to furnish any proof whatever. I have myself been instrumental in bringing one of these peopeople to book in the daily press—his exit was ignominious. And the manner in which the Allies would behave if they were able to invade Germany has already been proved by the horrible deeds of the Russians in East Prussia and of the French during their brief inroad into Alsace. Of these, naturally, no mention is made in English papers. But they will plaster the world with the most monstrous lies about the "destruction" of Rheims Cathedral for instance, and never retract. Even the New York Times now prints a statement which proves that only *two* shells were fired at that edifice in order to dislodge the French observer. And yet whenever Rheims is mentioned it is alluded to as being "destroyed," and hypocrisy takes a little extra unction unto itself by posing as a patron of art!

I am aware that it is convenient for England to portray Turkey as committing suicide. That land is fighting for its national preservation as surely as Germany is. I advise you to read an article by Roland P. Usher in the current "World's Work."

Sixth Avenue Minds as Judges.

I vigorously deny that America is "better able" to judge the merits of this bloody controversy than anyone else. She has been suborned, prejudiced and ignorant from the first as anyone might have foretold. The crude minds of her masses, those hopelessly crass Sixth Avenue minds are able to hold only one idea at a time. Like the villain in their favorite melodrama, they prefer to see the characters plainly labelled. In this case they have been told that England is the spotless hero, Belgium the poor, ignorant, betrayed maiden and Germany the black and bullying villain. Mention "Belgium" to them and they will snort with virtuous denunciation. Their ideas of Germany are limited to

the fact that Germans drink beer, eat sausage and are usually fat. As an English writer remarked the other day, nothing will convince Americans that there are other countries worthy of respect short of a Japanese invasion extending as far as Missouri. I have always been a severe critic of my own country because severe criticism is precisely what she most needed. The idea of a nation like the United States, if nation it may be called, politically corrupt, intellectually debased, artistically insignificant and so far as honor, ethics or business morals go, as dishonest and weak as any in the world, sitting in judgment upon a land like modern Germany with its clean government, its lofty educational and artistic standards and its social well-being and order, is something infinitely painful and grotesque. But our conceit is infinitely capable of it. The lawless disregard shown for the feelings of the great number of the German citizens that go to make up its best blood, is also characteristic. One of the unfortunate results of this war is that the Americans, never disposed to undervalue their greatness (purely territorial, commercial and economical) will become more disgustingly boastful than ever, because of these appeals made to them. The cringing attitude of the American government towards the outrageous marine impositions of England, shows how thoroughly the country is rotted with moral cowardice, and how lacking in all character. I should have liked to have heard the vicious, belligerent outcry of these grafters if Germany had taken the liberties with American commerce of which England has been guilty; it was inevitable, too, that some of our venal and unprincipled sheets should have been subsidized by English gold to maintain the English case.

Sir Edward, Peter the Great, Shaw and Others.

I agree with you, of course, that all nations should first put their house in order. But there was no national house in better order than Germany's. And one of my reasons for feeling this great tragedy that has befallen that noble people so strongly is due to the fact that for years I, too, have labored to produce a better feeling between the two great Germanic nations, who are natural allies. The people of each land are sound at heart. But when it comes to war, why the liberal democracy of England did not count for as much as

that of Germany in declaring war, for neither parliament nor people were consulted. This nation, committed by secret plots and promises to Germany's enemies (which was publicly lied down by the highest English statesmen) was simply catapulted into war by one man, Sir Edward Grey. He had prepared the trains of gunpowder, then at the last moment expected everybody to come to London and let him act as a sort of judge! Yes, one truth has emerged in the turgid intellectual fog bred by the miasma of patriotism in England, and that is the gory fact that secret diplomacy is the curse of the peoples.

As to the sanctity of treaties, let us hear no more of that from a nation who tore up the binding agreement she had made with regard to poor little Persia, and delivered it to the butchery of Russia, not out of need, but out of greed. Or her sanction of the cold-blooded violation of the Algeciras treaty signed by France. Napoleon damned the English as the violators of treaties par excellence.

A few remarks upon your letter of a later date. Clifford Allen's presentation of the case was simple, direct and honest and based upon indisputable evidence. The sanest and coolest reasoning today comes from the Socialist press of every land, since they regard the war from a humanitarian and not a nationalistic point of view. And Norman and Morel are not Socialists, but high-minded English publicists who have no motive for being pro-German save their love of truth and justice.

You ask "what in the name of elementary common sense have the writings of Peter the Great, dead 150 years, to do with the acts of present-day Germans?" Only this much—that the acts of present-day Russians are based directly and religiously upon the program of Peter the Great, and that a program 150 years old is nothing to a country like Russia. When war was declared the Russian Ambassador at Paris, Iswolsky cried out with joy: "This is my war!"

England's unspeakable treacherous crime against civilization consists in attacking the one power that was able to hurl back the semi-Asiatic menace of Russia from Western Europe. Behind a triumphant Russia looms a triumphant yellow race, once Europe is weakened. And that is the broadest view to take of the situation—a radical view.

As the ruling caste in England is no longer the old aristocracy, but the powerful commercial class, the policy of the land is such as they have made it. Shaw and other Socialists are therefore opposed to it now as before. Shaw, in spite of his courage and frankness in face of the universal funk that made England's heart a putrid jelly, could have stated the truth ten times more strongly than ever he dared do. Lowes Dickinson's admirable article, which though avoiding certain uncomfortable issues as a Cambridge don must, is the first sane utterance I have seen from the pen of an English intellectual.

"Audacious" Persecution.

I am sorry that even you should echo the ridiculous and wholly false cry that the German naval raid which unmasked England as a braggart and criminal incompetent, who accused her foe of "hiding" in his harbors, was undertaken to kill women and children. Or that the exultation of the German press was due to that incidental loss of lives rather than to the successful execution of a tremendously difficult, brilliant and audacious *coup de main.* That raid revealed the fact that fear of German submarines had driven the entire North Sea fleet of the English into its harbors. But these imbecile and hypocritical cries of the press are on a par with its usual tactics of not only distorting but suppressing the facts, such, for instance, as the puerile attempt to hush up the loss of the "Audacious," not to mention other cases. The cowardly persecution of civilian Germans in England, the war upon harmless waiters and seamstresses, were quite in accordance with the latest English traditions. As for spies, England turned itself into a nation of spies on the outbreak of the war, hounding unhappy aliens out of their jobs and uttering the most revolting and dastardly things in a delirium of blue funk. Only one real spy was found —that very manly and brave fellow, Carl Lody. As for that incident of the stored-up rifles you mention, this proved to be nothing more than a quantity of old-fashioned muskets which some dealer had bought to sell as decorations. Always the false charge, but never the honest refutation.

Your remark regarding the "Comventions Anglo-Belges" loses its validity inasmuch as these so-called precautions were directed only against Germany. *She*

was not consulted with regard to eventual help against any other "third power."

The Patriot, the Individual and the Nation.

I have friends in every army save those of the swine-herds and assassins, the Serbians, and the Belgians, the most mongrel and treacherous and cruel breed in Europe, and my personal relations with these friends, all more or less helpless and innocent units of a mindless whole, will, so far as I am concerned, remain unaltered. The mistake most patriots make is in identifying the individual with his nation or its foreign policy. Personally, I cherish deeply my friendship with many Englishmen (with you, for instance), nor must the influence of my English wife and English home be forgotten, but above all there lies a region of abstract ideas and ethical and intellectual questions from which the personal element should be rigorously excluded.

There is today no statesman in England worthy to stand beside Pitt (who protested against the oppression of the American colonies), even though three members of the English Cabinet resigned rather than be parties to what they rightly held to be an infamy. Are these men "cads," as you imply? I have had many debates with Englishmen, all of whom I have been able to confute, not because I am in any sense a good dialectitian, but simply because the facts of history and the logic of events were against them.

Might and Right.

The honest Englishman will try to place himself in the position of a German and then survey the situation. He will look beyond Belgium, and realize what led up to it. He will not defend the hideous fruits of the crafty underground diplomacy of England, nor the machinations of the English industrial class, nor the propaganda of hate and suspicion fomented by the newspapers.

He will not utter absurd platitudes that "Might is not Right," when he knows that in all wars it is the only right. He will not denounce in shallow hypocrisy that honest soldier and blunt patriot, General von Bernhardi, for openly avowing what everybody else believed and acted by. Should the allies win—by sheer numbers, and brute force—I presume it will be con-

sidered, a triumph of Right over Might! of noble spiritual qualities over brute force! A victory for Russia, Servia, and the half savage hordes of France and England's colonies will, I suppose, be held to be a victory for civilization! The crushing of the greatest and noblest people of modern times will, I dare say, be proclaimed as something done in the service of liberty! The triumph of a still greater militarism will mean the downfall of militarism! All these things are so many wanton lies or complacent delusions for the swarming masses who have never been able to think.

The German Triumph of Mind Over Matter.

The cold facts remain, and again it is necessary to call into play the factors of proportion and relativity in order to reach anything like a fair estimate of the showing or the results in a military sense. There can be no real victory of four nations over one, or if you prefer, of seven over three! In all cases the honors must remain with Germany, who with the most terrific odds and handicaps against her, has already proved her immense superiority over her foes. A nation practically in a state of siege, sacrificing its entire world commerce, a nation muzzled and slandered and befouled everywhere, her faithless ally, Italy, seduced from her side, and her ally, Austria, a soft, good-natured and artistic nation, of little fighting value to her, has yet been able to hurl back and hold half the world at bay. She has carried and maintained the war in hostile country, has brought a miraculous harmony into disorganized economy, hewn off one limb after another of the Russian colossus, that monster "steam-roller" France and England maliciously hoped would sweep over the pleasant and orderly German land. The people have been imbued with a holy, self-sacrificial passion sublime in its Spartan strength and heroic devotion. No word is spoken of trade, the popular word is "Die Hohe Zeit"—"The Lofty Hour." The German papers publish all the news from every country. They devote whole pages to art, drama and literature, as in times of peace—in England it is football and horse-racing. There is something almost superhuman in the German resistance. It is indisputably a triumph of mind over matter, of quality over quantity.

The Grand Men of the War—Germans.

Germany is likewise the only land which has so far produced anything in the way of personalities in this war. Over the flat masses of mediocrity, civil and military, on the one side of the Allies, such names as Hindenburg, von Muller, Weddingen, Harden and others shine all the brighter. Neither the naval nor military leaders of England have accomplished anything of note. There is much unwarranted brag about those "great soldiers," Lord Kitchener and Roberts, both of whom won fame by means of victories with overwhelming numbers over half-naked savages and undisciplined Dutch farmers.

What the new German navy has been able to accomplish has lowered the sea prestige of England to a point from which it can never recover. Here, too, in their own field, the English, by the same remorseless law of relativity, must be accounted the inferiors, in personality, seamanship and action. All their victories have been due to preponderance of numbers or armament—again mere quantity over quality. And how much higher ought the sea achievements of a nation that never had a navy be reckoned over those of the nation that claims to rule the waves and has centuries of sea traditions behind it! It is as if a farmer beat a sailor on the sea. In the only fair fight—that off Coronel—the British were hopelessly beaten. Nor have they yet dared to make public the number of ships they had in action at the "Glorious victory" near the Falkland Islands. It is said there were some thirty-eight against four!

Moral Dynamite.

When you take into further consideration the fact that Germany has always been a poor country, and has built up her greatness, wealth and power entirely from within herself and not from without like England, nor from vast natural resources and floods of cheap labor like America, the amazing superiority of this land and people becomes still more manifest. Germany has never made conquest of outside territory nor subjugated weaker countries, though all nations have done so by means of aggressive wars during the 40 years in which she alone maintained the peace. *I emphatically declare the German people to be the greatest, the foremost, and most virile in the modern*

world. To endeavor to repress the natural and peaceful development of a people such as this, either by means of secret diplomatic plottings or by open war, is a monumental crime, not only against that people, but against all human progress and civilization. And it is precisely *that* of which the allied assassins are guilty, and England, of late years, most of all. They have sought to stifle Germany until she became a bomb, for national energy and dynamic youthful vigor and organized intellect are so much moral dynamite.

Cowardly, Criminal, Commercial.

Victory for the allies! A victory of four men in a combat with one! A victory won by calling a whole world against one heroic nation, and then not subduing it save by the ignoble means of starving its civilian population! England may recover a share of the trade whereof superior German intelligence and system deprived her. Russia may grab a bit of hard-won German soil to add to her endless domains; miserable, corrupt and quixotic France, with the prestige of her army smashed to bits, will be denied the satisfaction of a real "revanche," even if she "recovers" the German provinces. Devastated Belgium may reflect upon the worth of the "friends" who left her in the lurch. And the noblest nation of Europe will be left outraged and revengeful, biding its time. The neutral nations will no longer cower before the hollow mockery of England's world power, nor submit to her monopoly of the seas. That which, but for England's selfishness, might have proved a war for the good of mankind, at least for the good of Russia, has been turned into a perpetual menace to civilization. But such is the spirit of commercialism, once it seizes and controls a people without ideas and without ideals. There are three words that most correctly define that action. It was cowardly, criminal and commercial.

Farewell.

But enough. I have striven to maintain the matter on a historical, non-personal plane. I do not, of course, expect concurrence with my views, for to expect that from a patriotic Englishman would be to expect the leopard to change his spots. Patriotism is a thing of blind passion and prejudices, and these automatically resist all reason. If that were not so there

would be no wars. So after all, all argument is futile. And yet I hope that I have been able to shed a little light upon certain features of this titanic and impossible struggle.

Forgive me if I have repeated myself, for I do not recall all that I wrote in my last. I wish we were able to talk instead of being forced to write. Perhaps that may soon be realized, for I no longer feel the same liking for this land which I once felt,—there have been too many disillusions. Besides, other things may take me over to the other side, at least for a time.

If you should think that my opinions are too strong, I assure you that they are tempered with much moderation. I commend for your reading two articles by an Englishman, the well-known poet and critic, Aleister Crowley.

But this letter is altogether too long already. Commend me to your dear lady, we send our heartiest greetings to you, as always.

Yours very sincerely,

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The letter of Dr. Conybeare of Oxford has made

a deep impression on all thinking people.

Show your friends and acquaintances you meet that you are well posted on the European situation.

Hand to each acquaintance whom you meet a reprint of this letter.

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WHY IS IT?

By
JOHN L. STODDARD
(Meran, Tirol)

Stoddard
V.5

THE VITAL ISSUE BOOKLETS
No. 5

Price, 5 Cents

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THE VITAL ISSUE
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Preface

The following article by John L. Stoddard, the famous author and traveler who for some time has been residing in Austria, is a lucid and powerful exposition of the thoughts and feelings entertained by Americans abroad. Mr. Stoddard is a noble representative of that embittered minority of Americans who are deeply hurt and humiliated by the pharisean attitude of their people and who are manly enough to step forward and to face the raging of the mob. Fortunately he cannot possibly be suspected as a hyphenated being or as a German in disguise and so his right of free speech will not be curtailed as in the case of these two American citizens in Dresden, whose passports have been canceled by the State Department.

(The famous cartoon of the great Caran d'Ache expressed in the ending days of the Boer War the passionate though powerless sympathy of la grande nation for her crucified sister republic. The type of the tenacious Boer, as represented by old Paul Kruger, was for many years a dominating figure in the imagination of France.)

—R. K.

The Saviour of the Little Nations.

(From "Le Rire," Paris, 1901.)

Comme ça il ne bougera pas !

"Comme ça il ne bougera pas!"
Now, he is safe.

WHY IS IT?

By JOHN L. STODDARD.

Well-known American author, residing in Austria.

(Written for the VITAL ISSUE.)

I have received some letters lately from America, whose authors ask me why I do not write to them as formerly and why a "difference of opinion" as regards the war should mar our friendship. I have replied as follows:

To us Americans, who, through some years of residence in Germany or Austria have learned to know and love these countries, this is no simple "difference of opinion." It is a part of our existence. You, at a distance of four thousand miles, are able to discuss the subject academically, but we are in the warring countries. We know at first hand of their heroism, their exertions and their sufferings. We also know that were this war a war of conquest, the entire nation would not fight enthusiastically, as it does today. We are surrounded by a multitude of sick and wounded men, who in the awful firing line have risked their lives in our defense. We see pathetic wrecks of splendid manhood—youths whose limbs were frozen in the icy trenches, men whose perforated lungs will never heal, and scholars whose keen eyes have been forever darkened by splinters from American shrapnels. Many of these we knew before. Many who fought beside them will return no more. Parents also, who are proud to give their sons, yet every day await with bated breath the published list of dead and missing, are to us familiar figures. We know—what History will yet confirm—that these two empires never wished for or provoked this war. We know, however, that our enemies, including Belgium, plotted and prepared for it. We know that France, forever gnawed by the devour-

ing ulcer of "revenge," had poured milliards of francs into the bottomless treasury of Russia, that at the given moment the huge Cossack hordes might sweep resistlessly through Germany and Austria, while troops from envious England and complaisant Belgium should, with the millions sent by France, march equally victoriously to the Rhine. We know that many ideas which you have formed at England's instigation, such as the notion that the German people have been forced into this war by an ambitious Emperor or by a military caste, are utterly erroneous. You must, yourselves, today perceive this. The English fables that Hungary desires to make a separate peace with Russia, that an estrangement exists between Bavarians and Prussians, and that the Germans, Austrians and Hungarians wish to dissolve their forms of government and found republics, are ridiculous. Such nonsense, when presented to a well-informed paper, ought to be thrown into the waste basket. This is the second time in the space of fifty years that the brotherhood of north and south Germany has been sealed with blood. Even Austria, which, it was thought, would crumble into its component parts at the first shock of war, displays a splendid solidarity; while the United States of Germany were never so united as today. Both love and loyalty to the aged Emperor Franz Joseph and to William II. in their respective countries never were so strong. But still we see you drugged by the knock-out drops of British lies, and seemingly immovable in the opinions formed by you in those first fatal days, when your bewildered minds were

"wax to receive and marble to retain."

How We Are Situated.

You ask why we should feel aggrieved because you hold these views. I will try to tell you. During this long and terrible winter we have been living in a state of mental tension, of which you can form no idea. Upon the wind-swept, snow-heaped crests of the Carpathians the troops of Germany, Austria and Hungary — shoulder to shoulder — have maintained for months amid unspeakable hardships a wonderful resistance to the Russian masses, pushed against them with an utter disregard of human life, "Men are the cheapest thing we have," said recently a Russian general. In fact, day after day and night after night

hundreds of thousands of the soldiers of the pitiless Grand Duke were driven forward in successive lines, like billows of the sea, so that the last, at least, might scale the corpses of its predecessors, force a passage at all costs, and pour triumphantly through vanquished Hungary. The prize—the actual object of the war—the forming of a vassal Balkan State and the Possession of the Bosphorus, apparently justified in the mind of the Russian commander any massacre. But, thank God, we have finally—yet at what a cost!—repelled these numberless invaders. The human dyke, which could alone preserve us from destruction, has not given way. But, now when our brave men who have survived, stand panting, bleeding, but victorious on the eastern slopes of the Carpathians, and we can deem ourselves secure, why do we hear from you no word of joy, or message of congratulation? Does not your British master let you know the news? Perhaps that can explain your silence. I fear, however, that, having cast in your lot with the Allies, you must regret that the appalling Slavic inroad has been checked, and would have actually rejoiced, had it succeeded! Yet you are perfectly aware of Russia's history. You have read Kennan's revelations, Kropotkine's horrifying statements, and the recent stories of the Pogroms. You cannot seriously believe that because this semi-brutal nation has become temporarily the ally of England it is today essentially different from what it was before. Upon my table lies a letter from a German naval officer, written in Memel. With it he sent me several newspapers published there immediately after the expulsion of the Cossacks. I have also the description of the explorer, Sven Hedin, who arrived in Memel the day after the Russians left. A friend of mine here, who was born in Memel, has received letters lately written from that pretty city. Do you know what those vermin-infested, physically diseased beasts did in Memel? Do not be alarmed. I am not going to relate it. But from the admirable letters of Herbert Corey, the American correspondent of the Cincinnati "Times-Star," you can form some idea of the condition of other places and people visited thus by Russians. The point is, that, much as you would deplore such horrors, *this is one of the armies which you are hoping will ride over and subdue us!* Do you begin to see why we can hardly write to you "just as formerly?"

stand today—unless American bombs or dum-dum bullets have killed them—many young men whom we admire and love. They include musicians, artists, scientists, students and professors. Opposed to them, at a distance of a few metres, are Senegal negroes, Indians, Turcos and Algerians—fighting for civilization, of course—against whom these refined and rarely gifted youths must frequently contend in hand-to-hand bayonet fights! If these young Germans are spitted and stabbed to death by those savages, some of whom are apparently first cousins to gorillas, you must logically rejoice. You hope that they, and those who infamously called them there, will carry *freedom and civilization over the Rhine to Heidelberg and Bonn!* What you are practically saying is: "Anything is good enough to kill a German." Can you expect us, to whom such a result would be heart-breaking and abhorrent, to feel the same cordiality toward you, while you hold such sentiments? Would that you understood the German spirit! These men, inspired by their love of country, need no cheap appeals, such as are placarded on English walls and tramcars, imploring citizens to enlist in Kitchener's army. Besides the soldiers liable to service, hundreds of thousands of young Germans have *volunteered* to drive the advancing foes from their loved fatherland. Singing the noble German songs, which have such thrilling words as "Gott schütze unser teures geliebtes Vaterland," "Haltet aus, haltet aus!" "Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein," or "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Through cannon's deafening thunder-peal,
Through charges against walls of steel,
Through blazing street and flooded field,
With courage that will never yield
Thy sons go, singing, to their doom—
The fatherland's immortal bloom!

And England!

We are simply dumfounded at your attitude toward that arch-hypocrite among the nations, whose monster empire is based on ruthless conquest, and whose record in opium-cursed China, in starving India, in the concentration camps of the Boer republics, in ruined

Ireland, and even in America is an everlasting disgrace. You know that she is trying to starve our two beleagured empires and to deprive our millions of non-combatants of the necessities of life. Yet you wonder that we retaliate and warn all merchant ships, under penalty of destruction, not to bring food to her! You know that England rides roughshod over the rights of neutral nations, that *she even dares to hold up and to confiscate United States mail, and, if she likes, suppresses cablegrams, from America to neutral lands like Switzerland!* Moreover, the English censor regulates your news! The American correspondent, Colonel Emerson, sent seventy-eight cablegrams to the United States in the first months of the war. Only three went through unchanged, and these told of German reverses; a fourth was falsified, and seventy-four were suppressed. What cowards you are to submit to this! Do not say that we, who are temporarily residing here and have not hurried home through fear, are "un-American." We are infinitely more American than those of you who have not still enough of the old spirit of your fathers to resent such action from that unchanged tyrant of the seas, whom they twice fought victoriously. You have—and you deserve to have—the contempt of the world. Think of it—through fear of England—the Boston postoffice has refused to forward to me, *even at the sender's risk,* a little package of tea, although whole shiploads of guns and ammunition are meanwhile on their way to France and England! England is treating you as she did in 1812. She is today lampooning the German Emperor as she ridiculed and insulted Abraham Lincoln in our Civil War. She bullies you, snubs you, ruins your commerce, humiliates you in the eyes of European neutral nations and even of the Allies, and save for a few courageous men like Governor Colquitt of Texas, you sit there, hypnotized by such silly words as "Militarism" and "Bernhardi," and kiss the hand that cuffs you. Thank God you are not all so. Friends write me that there are really millions there who think as we do, and I read with joy of such Americans of British descent as Quincy Adams of Boston, and Professors Hall, Wheeler, Sloane and Burgess, who are advocates of the Teutonic cause. I need not say that those of you who recognize the truth about these empires and wish for their success, were never so dear to us as now. We

love you and are grateful to you for every word and act of sympathy. God bless you!

The Shipment of Arms.

But the story is not ended. More than 86 per cent. of the wounds and deaths now caused in the ranks of German, Austrian and Hungarian troops are the result of bombs and bullets sent from the United States! You know in your hearts that this makes your assertions of *neutrality a mockery,* and exposes the President and the nation to unmitigated scorn. The United States by its continual enormous shipments of arms, horses and ammunition to the Allies has made itself *one of the principal participants* in this hideous war, and only for the advantage of one side. United States Senator Clapp of Minnesota has rightly said: "The spectacle of the United States sending shiploads of food and clothing to the orphaned and widowed people of Europe, and at the same time sending shiploads of guns and ammunition to make more widows and orphans, is one of those grotesque contrasts that we sometimes find. There is so much money invested in the making and the sale of arms and war munitions that we have simply been powerless to get anywhere with the bill."

I will not accuse all of you of sanctioning this inhuman prolongation of the carnage, *but are you doing anything to prevent it?* You do not need a precedent, but if you want one, you can find it in the law of the 20th of April, 1818, which has never been abrogated, and on which, if I am not mistaken, Theodore Roosevelt based his action at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. This law forbids the sending of weapons to belligerents.

At this time every neutral country, except the United States, has placed an embargo on munitions of war.

Besides all this, President Wilson's own declaration of neutrality: "We must be neutral in fact as well as in name, and we must put a curb on every transaction which might give preference to one party in the struggle over another."

If, however, you *do* approve of this infamy, you cannot escape the fact that you are thus contributing enormously to the massacre of thousands, and are adding daily to the appalling number of desolated

homes. You are, in fact the silent partners of the Cossacks and the cannibals from Fiji Island. The wretched excuse that "business is business" is a pitiful confession of the lowest of ideals. But even on that level America, as a whole, is losing millions steadily, that only a few may become rich.

Calling for More!

Logically, also, if you wish Germany and Austria to be defeated, I suppose you would be glad to see at this juncture a hitherto neutral nation stab us in the back, so as to "finish the thing up quick!" If you have read Prof. Ferro's article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, you must have felt, I think, some qualms of conscience. The Professor admits that it will be (not the words) *"hard to invent"* a cause for attacking an ally of thirty years. He even confesses that the lands which he cynically describes as "Italian provinces" *never belonged to Italy.* They are coveted, because so many immigrants from his country have been *allowed to settle there,* that the language of the prolifice settlers has become the dominant one! No historical claim, such as is made in regard to Alsace and Lorraine, exists, as an excuse for taking them. Moreover, the Professor allows that all the industrial, commercial and financial classes, as well as the clericals, are against the project. Can you imagine a greater crime than to carry out that scheme under such circumstances? Yet he argues that it should be done *ad majorem gloriam regni!* And you?

I write these words on a lovely Spring morning in the fruitful valley of Andreas Hofer. Before me for a score of miles is a vast, undulating sea of scented bloom. If your desires are fulfilled, this may become a hell of devastated fields, burned houses, and earth-strewn corpses. My garden may be one of those devastated, my villa one of the dwellings burned, my body one of the corpses. Of course you do not wish that such a fate should befall me personally, but in so far as you are eager for the realization of the above mentioned plan, *you stand among the foes who would destroy us.*

We still think tenderly of our old friendship. We wave our hands to you across the death-filled trenches in token of that old affection. But so long as you regard as "Barbarians" these noble nations struggling against a dastardly conspiracy; so long as you cal-

umniate one of the finest, noblest-hearted men the world contains today—the Emperor William II; and so long as you desire a result which means for us and for the world a great calamity, how can you think that we can be the old-time friends?

One Word More.

There will inevitably come a time when you will have a rude awakening. Do not deceive yourselves. Germany never will be conquered. Never! Moreover, the wonderful victories of Hindenburg and Mackensen (just announced May 5th), prove that there is now no possibility that Austria-Hungary will be subdued by her colossal foe. The braggart prophecies about the Indians camping in Berlin and Cossacks in Vienna, will find no fulfilment. No armed Englishman or Frenchman, or any of their particolored savages, will ever cross the Rhine or see the Spree. Whatever else may come, not that!

But England, your beloved master, has already lost much—very much—that she will nevermore regain. Nor is the story of her losses ended. The principal object for which England has intrigued and fought many generations has been to keep Constantinople and the Bosphorus from Russian hands. Now she has been compelled not only to concede them to her formerly hated rival, but even to fight to bring them into his possession! Through her mad jealousy of Germany, England has also turned the whole East topsy-turvy, sacrificed her own prestige, and made Japan the lord of the Pacific. India and Egypt are no longer hers securely, and the final Nemesis is at her threshold. You will perhaps one day perceive how foolish you have been not to have given from the first your sympathies to the Teutons in their efforts to beat back the Slavs and to obtain for all the freedom of the seas. These two things they will do, but alas, not with your goodwill and moral aid. To you will fall the baneful influence of England's policy in the Far East, and you will live to see the arrogant, though decadent, Briton put into the place he would long since have been compelled to occupy, but for the mass of gold which he had ravished from a subject world.

JOHN L. STODDARD.

Germany to England, 1915

By JOHN L. STODDARD.

Haughty, unscrupulous Lords of the ocean,
Gaze on the sea that is England's no more;
Over it, under it, view with emotion
Sons of the Fatherland nearing your shore!

Safe in concealment your "Dreadnaughts" are lying,
(Falsified name, for they "dread" to advance!)
Do they not dare, then, all danger defying,
Boldly to steam between England and France?

Where are your Nelsons, your Drakes and your Howards?
Would they have hid from a submarine's blow?
Britons were once no such weakling and cowards;
Where are Lord Fisher and Sir Jellicoe?

What has become of your fleet so gigantic?
What has it done, save to float there at ease?
Irish Sea, North Sea, the Channel, Atlantic,—
Must you call thither the brave Japanese?

Why do you hoist neutral flags to protect you,
Painting your hulls, to appear what you're not?
Who in the world do you think will respect you?
Are all your ancient traditions forgot?

Hear you the cries of your vast proletariat?
They will grow louder, as boats become few;
You thought to cut off our whole commissariat;
We shall not starve, but how is it with you?

England, your hour hath struck on the dial;
Give up your trident and ill-gotten gains;
This is no Zulu or Indian trial,
This is a conflict with Germans and . . . . brains.

Bring on your savages, Gurkhas, Colonials,—
Beg the whole world to make your cause its own,
All your base efforts are sad testimonials
That you have *never fought white men alone.*

Back to the Sport, where you show some ability!
When will the army your golfers enroll?
War is a business that calls for virility;
Gold cannot buy for you Germany's soul.

The Spectre of the Sea.

By GEERT SEELIG.

'Neath murky skies a mist prevails,
Moist is the air and cool
As southward o'er the Channel sails
A ship from Liverpool;
On deck the faithful captain plans
His vessel's swift advance,
While at the prow the lookout scans
The rising coast of France.

As through the haze he deems it near,
He starts, and cries: "Look there!
To starboard I see something queer.
It's coming near! Take care!"
The steersman, as he turns, believes
A wreck is drifting past,
For that which lurches there and heaves
Looks very like a mast.

Is this the Spectre, famed of old—
The monster of the seas,
Whose hundred arms a ship can hold
And drag it down with ease?
But look! A platform comes to view,
A boat's prow shows its head,
And now the stern . . . a cannon too . . .
A flag . . . the black-white-red!

To light and air from gloomy shaft
Four bluejackets emerge,
Whose leader from the little craft
Shouts o'er the rolling surge:
"All overboard! The ship is mine.
We sink her on the spot.
Ten minutes . . . and I give the sign
To fire the fatal shot."

The lifeboats from the davits fall,
And down the sailors leap,
Half dead with fear and horror, all
Seek refuge on the deep;
Then on their oars they fairly lie,
So far they backward dip,
As by great bounds they seem to fly
Still further from the ship.

Nor look they up, till a flash of light
Gleams thrice . . . then with a BOOM
A sheet of fire, intensely bright,
Proclaims the vessel's doom.
The captain turns, its fate to see,
And in the lurid glow
Beholds the "Spectre" quietly
Sink once again below.

(John L. Stoddard's Translation.)

—READ—

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FIRST EDITION

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO AMERICANS

AN OPEN LETTER TO
COL. GEORGE HARVEY
FROM R. L. ORCHELLE

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V F3

THE VITAL ISSUE BOOKLETS
NUMBER SIX

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

THE VITAL ISSUE BOOKLETS

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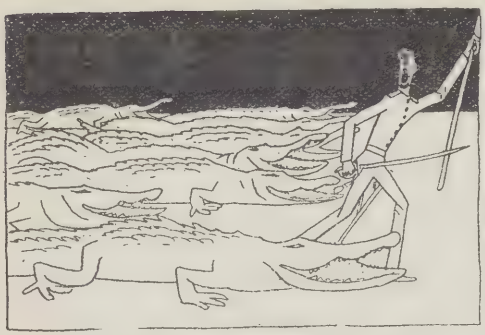
Preface

When Col. George Harvey, the editor of the North American Review, published his open letter to Lord Alfred Northcliffe even the staunchest pro-Allies amongst his readers felt somehow uneasy. For one can be a fervent admirer of English civilization without expressing oneself like a subservient valet and there is no necessity for any real American to indulge in the distressing snobbery of a gasping Colonial toward his imperialist master. We do not know if and how many of the readers of the North American Review have scolded their enfant terrible at the editorial desk, but we know that many intellectual Americans felt perfectly humiliated when they read that astonishing epistle to "my dear Northcliffe."

It was the same burning shame and indignation which actuated R. L. Orchelle, the well-known American poet, to write his flaming protest against his prideless countryman. Mr. Orchelle was in London when Col. Harvey's letter arrived and he must have watched the cynical grin with which it was received. R. L. Orchelle is outspokenly pro-German (v. his splendid articles in The Vital Issue) but he knows that there are many Americans who are pro-Allies for manly reasons and out of manly sentiments. This vigorous attack is not directed against these of his fellow-citizens who merely differ from him in their war sympathies. His blows are launched against that contemptible type of Americans who are pro-English for no loftier feeling than that of a lackey who, for once, is allowed to pat his master on the back.

R. K.

England Findet Hilfstruppen.



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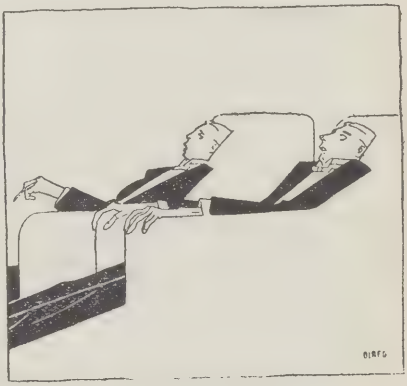

nur in London nicht.

England gets volunteers—in Egypt, in India, in Australia, in Polynesia, in Canada—**but not in London.**

(From Simplicissimus.)

An Open Letter to Col. George Harvey

Editor of the North American Review.

FROM R. L. ORCHELLE.

Sir:—This war has proved that one may be too late to overtake a lie, but perhaps not too late to overtake an attitude.

I believe that never before were the pages of a dignified review degraded by a contribution more abysmally servile, ignorant and unjust than your recent letter to Lord Northcliffe. It is not only intellectual prostration; it is moral prostitution shameful not only to you as an individual, but disgraceful to all of us as Americans. It is a pusillanimous capitulation of the last dignity that has been left to America by this war. It is the abject flattery of a man who is one of the most virulent pests of modern society.

It is possible that you do not know how completely you have disclosed your mentality in that most dangerous moral and literary trap—an open letter. For private candor for public consumption requires a mind more delicate and astute than that which you disclose.

I do not attack you as Colonel George Harvey, nor as the editor of the **North American Review.** It is true that you are prominent, but not that you are important. Yet for my purposes you do possess a certain importance, since you represent a unit, a type of a class whose influence amongst us I hold to be pernicious and whose corruption of mind and character has been deplorably laid bare by the inquisitional steel and fire of this war.

I do not—to be just to both of us—question your motive. I do not doubt that beneath this manifestation of moral and mental slavishness there still

lingered a spark of genuine American independence of spirit. Even the studied tepidity of your terms, the naive conclusions and the meek complacence of your attitude cannot quite hide this one little flicker of redeeming light. But you fancied you were uttering a protest in the name of America when in reality you were offering homage to Great Britain in the name of Alfred Harmsworth.

At a Dinner for Lord Northcliffe.

One might find amusement in your stilted, old-fashioned phrases and their mixture of simple-minded guile and priggishness. With a casual air, carefully studied, you recall to Lord Northcliffe your function at a dinner given in his honor, and you express your ingenuous but unwarranted belief that you know and understand England. For snobbishness and a copy-book conception of England which would make a Battersea cheesemonger laugh, are not least among the comic mental traits disclosed by such Anglomaniacs as yourself. Let us hope that your dear friend, his noble Lordship, has not forgotten your presence at the dinner of which you so painstakingly remind him.

You ask Lord Northcliffe whether it be not true that "when, as never before, our respective peoples should be animated by the most fraternal spirit, they are gradually but surely drawing asunder?"

The American publicist who can conceive any close, much less fraternal spirit between the America of to-day and the England of to-day, who finds in England's criminal and cowardly cause any reason for enlisting American sympathy, who blindly ignores the monumental fact that the American of 1915 is overwhelmingly cosmopolitan, and fatuously persists in seeing in it only a sort of overgrown English colony, that man must be inaccessible not only to the evidence of history, but to the evidence of his senses. He must still be inebriated with the alcoholic emotionalism of after-dinner conviviality. Why, the very language through which you tortuously labor in an attempt to make it orthodox English, betrays the immense cleavage between the two peoples.

The Cheque-book of Pierrepont Morgan.

You are primly shocked by the atrabilious Mr. Strachey's violence in his **Spectator** article entitled "A Great Danger." You imagine that your emotion is due to fear of a clash between his land and ours, rather than to an unconscious resentment against that contempt for America which lies hidden in his lines—as it lies hidden in every true Britisher's heart.

It is moral blindness such as this which blasts the soul of a nation with the ashes of doom, though outwardly it flourish like a green bay tree. Have the code of the grafter and the dishonest technicalities of the reptile lawyer encysted themselves in our hearts and brains? The financial, therefore the journalistic, therefore the mental bondage of America to Great Britain may be seen running like a black thread through your entire shambling discourse. Though it might be rude, would it be wrong to assume that your sub-relationship with the cheque-book of Pierrepont Morgan has not been without effect upon your principles, your independence and your pocket? Yes! you are significant because you are a bit broken from the Anglo-American whole. You see I persist in this hyphenated distinction. For though it may not yet have become apparent to you, this war has disclosed the mountainous fact that we are a community of many nationalities, and not a nation in the real sense, and that the press, and therefore the thoughts and emotions of our people, are slavishly subject to English control.

Was ever the inalienable, absolute right of a nation to protect its own commerce more pusillaniously surrendered than in your words,—which are merely the reflection of our craven official attitude: "Our government courteously inquired of your Foreign Office if it would be considered objectionable, etc." If what would be considered objectionable—to ship guns, submarines and shells to Germany? No, whether the English bully of the seas would be so gracious as to permit us to send cotton and food-stuffs—as had been our immemorial right! Such is the attitude of certain degenerate Anglo-Americans of to-day, a genuflexion, an abasement to a tyranny of which we fondly imagined ourselves

freed. Towards the cool insolence and aggression of our hereditary foe—timid inquiry and smirking courtesy which provoke nothing but his contempt; —toward friendly Germany, handicapped on all sides,—threats, bluster and the cheap dignity of vulgarian politicians. My dear sir, does your Kultur extend so far as to include knowledge of a French gentleman called Tartuffe?

One of "Those Typical Villagers."

With a strange, or rather let me say quite natural inability to analyze the true and humiliating reasons for the American attitude in this war—the surrender of millions of sentimental, uninformed American minds to a world-wide campaign of English lies and blackguardism and French fanaticism, you babble forth the easy current cant which in our country still does service for thought and fact—"Belgium," "Germany's shocking conduct," "wanton destruction of cathedrals," "militarism." I believe that the psychologist-historian will regard this universal obsession and weird hallucination of our countrymen as one of the most remarkable phenomena of mediaeval superstition (a belief in monsters and devils) rioting luxuriantly in the soil of modern ignorance. But the mental constitution of a Harvey would make all clear to him. For you, sir, or colonel, are one of those typical villagers of which Bernard Shaw said our entire nation was composed.

Are you so badly equipped with the real and inner history of this war as to need assurance that had Germany acted in any other way than iron circumstance forced her to act—both by her declaration of war against Russia and France and her frank offer to suborned and suicidal Belgium, she would have been guilty not only of betraying her own existence, but the very future of Europe? But it is perhaps sufficient for you to think of spiked helmets, that absurd term "War Lord," and to grow sentimental over the cruel and mongrel Belgian franc-tireur whom you confound with the heroes of 1776. Do you really believe that a nation like Germany would deliberately enter upon a war with three formidable nations out of sheer wantonness? No doubt you are capable of believing even this, for like most of our countrymen, you do not know Germany, but

some chimera created for you by the English press. Through her duping, her egging-on and then her final betrayal of that misguided little land, the blood of Belgium lies upon her head, and not Germany's.

"My Dear Northcliffe."

Let me tell you that every Englishman still capable of distinguishing black from white, knows at heart that his country is engaged in a cold-blooded war of business interests, and not a crusade for the vindication of high-sounding moral principles. You know little of the English nature if you do not realize that the average Englishman thinks it his duty to support the vilest iniquities of his country's politics by every means in his power—by lies, by moralizings, by money, by abuse—and that even the best of them surrender their personal scruples to imperialistic interests—which, with the England of to-day, mean commercial ones. "My country, right or wrong," is his cry,—from the crimes of Warren Hastings to those of Sir Edward Grey. That Britain, all of whose wars have been waged for commercial ends, is fighting for the noble ideals she professes, is left for the dupes of the English censor and Lord Northcliffe to believe. Perhaps the smiles that played across the features of English editors and English politicians on reading your astonishing contribution to their cause might have added to your assumed knowledge of the real English soul. Somewhat bitter music for your ears would have been the roars of laughter that echoed in the dens of Carmelite House and Printing House Square over this grotesque naivéte. And the twisted tongues that lolled across the big English teeth into capacious English cheeks as their owners penned you (I take it) their generous congratulations!

It is apparent that you are as ignorant of the true character of Alfred Harmsworth, as you are of the true nature of English policy and history. As a free and democratic American you are certain to treasure the friendship of this new-made peer most highly. A pleasant and gaseous warmth suffuses the Anglo-American who is able, especially in public, to address an English Lord, even one of recent ascent from the plebs, as "my dear Northcliffe." But he who imagines this to be a proof of his in-

dependence, is the very man whose fraudulent mind is unable to conceal his vanity when he writes.

A Good New England Church-goer.

There is no doubt that you, as a good New England church-goer and intellectual suburbanite would be revolted by the thought of worshipping at the shrine of a modern Moloch. And yet no other name could more correctly designate the character and influence of this one man. In all this international slaughter there is no individual, apart from the English Foreign Secretary and Ambassador Iswolsky of Russia, whose hands drip more abundantly with the blood of millions of innocent men than those of the yellow Emperor of England's triumphant gutter press. For years his unscrupulous papers,—from the degenerate, popularized Times you praise, to his cheapest ha-penny rag for slaveys, have waged war against Germany and spread the spawn of hate. This man, who has done more to ruin the simple tastes and character of the English masses than any one person, has been working hand in hand with the profiteers and the politicians of that base and wholly industrial England which has supplanted the literary England romantic Americans still imagine to exist.

Through the official association of his papers with English imperialism this man is directly responsible for that public state of mind which rendered it an easy matter for English diplomacy to engineer its treacherous attack upon a friendly sister nation, and to catapult the docile masses into a cowardly and commercial war without consulting either them or that Parliament you have been told to admire. Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, stands guilty of more than sowing those vast fields of hate with the seed that has now borne such a millionfold fruitage of agony and death. For under his domination of the English press, the last vestiges of traditional decency have been flung aside. The astonished world has been staggered and swayed and poisoned by a campaign of vilification such as has never before been let loose upon the lowest passions and instincts of men.

Through such men the press, instead of spreading light, has become the foulest, most potent engine of

JOHN BULL REVIEWS HIS ARMIES.

ignorance and darkness. The cables of the world that brought the nations closer, have, through England's monopoly, become strangling tentacles choking their very souls. The spirit of the huckster, the hooligan and the hypocrite is triumphant in the England of to-day and Lord Northcliffe is the incarnation of all three. Exploded forever is England's assumed reverence for "fair play,"—and her traditions of the gentleman. The bright sword of young Germany has cut across her old, envious and mercenary soul and the stench thereof and the sight thereof have sickened all men in whose brains the balances of judgment still hang true.

Lord Salisbury and the Daily Mail.

Let me quote for your benefit something written of your dear friend Northcliffe by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the London Daily News. This forthright denunciation might, it is true, have been of more effect had it preceded rather than followed Harmsworth's attack upon the patriotism, consequently the profits, of the Daily News.

"Indeed, the late Lord Salisbury said the final word about you long ago. The Daily Mail, he said, was 'written by office boys for office boys,' and though you have soared to The Times since then, you have only succeeded in dyeing it with the colors of the office-boy's mind.

"But you say that we prophesied peace. Yes, we not only prophesied peace, but we worked for peace, just as you prophesied war and worked for war. We lost and you won. And you rejoice in the victory that has made Europe a shambles. Is it really a matter for rejoicing? A million men have died on the battlefields of Europe already and a million more will die. Millions of lives are being broken, millions of poor homes darkened by death and suffering. Is this really a subject for a newspaper advertisement? Do not suppose that we could not have preached war too. It is the easiest thing in the world. It makes you popular, it brings you readers—as you know.

"Can you absolve yourself from any share in bringing this calamity upon the world? Nay, do you wish to absolve yourself? Are you not rather

claiming this war as tribute to your prescience and your power?

"You proclaim to all the world that the most powerful Press in this country worked steadily not for peace but for war. And to that extent you have made us partners with the guilty. That is your claim. That is your boast. And you think to shame us because we do not share your guilt.

"You are mistaken. We are without shame and without regret. When this nightmare passes away we shall still work to bring the nations together and you will still work to keep them asunder. You will discover some new foe with whom to play upon the fears of the public and through whom to stimulate your sales."

But what the justly-indignant editor of The Daily News does not comprehend is that his indictment of Lord Northcliffe is equally an indictment and a confession of the entire English policy. For Northcliffe has been and is now, the mouthpiece of that policy. The instinct for gain in the editorial office is the same that inspires the policy of the Foreign Office. Mr. Gardiner's letter is also an indictment of the entire English people from whose support a man like Northcliffe draws his power, and whose passions he seeks to reflect or, when it suits him, to inflame. Northcliffe is but the dyer's hand stirring in the vat of ink. The people that would tolerate such a journalism will tolerate such a war.

"Clumsy" Dr. Dernburg.

You refer, sneeringly, to Dr. Dernburg. Were the majority of our newspapers not so utterly contemptible they would have seen that the "attempts to educate public opinion," by such eminent men as Dr. Dernburg were not only necessary in the intricate problems of European politics as an offset against the British usurpation of our intellectual freedom, but that they were a distinct compliment to us. It is an easy matter for little minds to repeat the cheap sneers of British editors or British correspondents in New York and call the German propaganda "clumsy,"—by which,—so little do you understand your own hypocrisy,—you mean honest. Clumsy, perhaps, in this sense it was when compared to the British avalanche of lies appealing to our rooted prejudices and black ignorance—already

fostered by the English press bureau long years in advance. Clumsy? No. But perhaps ineffective, for the Germans made the mistake of appealing to our intelligence, our fairness and our alleged reverence for facts.

Your dull, excruciating efforts to convince the saffron-souled Harmsworth of how very faithful you and America were to his Lordship and Britain, culminate in what is without doubt the most revolting exhibition ever given by a toady grovelling in the mud of Fleet Street, Whitehall or Park Lane. America, to our ignominy, has seen the day when, beneath the eclipse of all true Americanism in the black shadow of Anglo-Saxon dominance, it has become necessary for German-Americans to vindicate the real principles and reassert the true ideals of the American citizen!

Lord Haldane's "Sittlichkeit."

There is in that Washington platform you quote not one single clause that would not, should not, to a sane understanding, have received the stout-hearted support of every real American—if Americans were still real and still stout-hearted. There is not one proposal whose acceptance and enforcement would not redound to the honor and advantage of our country. And yet this manly declaration, this brave attempt to snatch self-respect from the ruins to which our Anglo-Saxon subservience has reduced not only our dignity but our interests, you have the face to characterize as "an exhibition of intolerable insolence!" And to bolster up this unutterable rankness of soul and mind, you quote the words of the degraded journalists whose worthless opinions seem to confirm your own. Do words still possess a meaning? Or are they mere sounds that you emit as you perform your worm-like, peristaltic movements before the mud-stained, blood-stained boots of Alfred Harmsworth?

Surely you not only do not understand Europeans, but you do not understand human nature. For what man whose intellect possesses the activity of a jelly-fish, would have the crass presumption to imagine that 25,000,000 American citizens of German birth or extraction would sit calmly and silently with folded hands whilst the cowardly curs of our foul-mouthed press heaped insult after insult

upon them, aspersed the proud and noble heritage of their German blood, and persistently blackguarded the most valiant people that ever out of their spiritual strength and unity performed wonders in the most righteous of all wars? To clean American minds their very indignation and rebellion were proof of their real American spirit. Had they not protested they would have been less than American for they would have been less than men. Their organization politically was the most legitimate and parliamentary protest that peaceful citizens could make. It speaks volumes for the high qualities of the German that their just anger should not have assumed more violent forms, or imitated the obscene insults of our slavish Saxon sheets. Yet they, the German-Americans, who demanded nothing more than true neutrality in speech and act—a little of that splendid quality of Sittlichkeit which Lord Haldane recommended to his countrymen just before the war—they in the very face of an orgy of anti-German ruffianism, were accused of disloyalty and partisanship!

Pedants, Mountebanks and Demagogues.

You proceed: "German efforts have made it dangerous for a public man to speak a word in favor of their cause—and none of importance, to my knowledge has done so."

I wonder whether you realize the profounds of baseness these words disclose—as a revelation, nay, an exposé of your character and of such who think as you do? I agree with shame that no public man of importance has had the courage to stand against the gravitation of the lie-besotted multitude —but then we have no public men of real importance. Democracies such as ours cannot produce individualities in our day. Had we statesmen instead of weak and sterile pedants, shallow mountebanks and vociferous, platitudinous demagogues, had we even journalists and clear thinkers like Bernard Shaw and Maximilian Harden instead of a mob of stunted mediocrities,—or leaders of thought other than the senile President of Harvard University, there might have been found Americans who would not have feared to speak the truth even though it might perchance prove "dangerous." But you make us baser than we are. For I rejoice that, after all,

there were certain Americans of this quality, and their importance is indeed in proportion to their courage.

Great, Proud (and Well-Fed).

You quote the Spectator to the effect that—when we feebly protested our right to sell food-stuffs to Germany: "America seems to reckon it up in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and human suffering." But the editor of that canting weekly is mistaken in the temperature of our cash. Those cold dollars and cents are now warm with the life-blood of brave German men and the tears of noble German women.

I do not know whether it be mental blindness, moral obliquity or that ultimate perversion of the human soul that is without name, which saturates such a sentence as this:

"It is not, I beg of you, to believe, my dear Northcliffe, either because of our desire to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization, or of our craving for material gains that we should like to send food to Germany as we are sending it in great quantities to Belgium and Holland without money or price; it is because we would, if we could, save from starvation the poor German people whom, too, we love. Is there anything reprehensible in that?"

What the great and proud (and well-fed) German people may think of the purblind creature who offers them the nauseous dish of his uncalled-for pity with one hand while befouling them with the other, I leave your readers to conjecture. And I shall leave to some expert in moral decay the task of fathoming the following hideous mixture of the infantile with the fiendish:

"I wonder, moreover, if your people in common with your government, and of course, yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges and other munitions of war from our factories, and that, but for the supply thus obtained, **they could hardly ever hope to triumph! (bold type mine).** As you doubtless know a determined effort made in Congress "under pressure of the German vote"—to stop the sale of implements of destruction to combatants got not so much as a hearing."

Yes, that immortal infamy went as unchallenged in public as did America's right to help commit murder upon a friendly nation went unchallenged in Congress. But even here the sycophant, in order to ingratiate himself with the titled proprietor of

the Times, overleaps or rather oversprawls himself, and splashes his own people with more mire than they deserve.

Harveys, Eliots and Other Yanko—Picts.

I might add many such stones to the monument you have erected upon the grave of all true Americanism in the name of the most ruthless power that ever oppressed the world, subjugated weak nations, exterminated little peoples, incited Europe to mutual slaughter of nation against nation,—the icy, calculating power whose hands are still crimson with the blood of the Boer republics, of slaughtered and dismembered Persia and now with the blood-guilt of a seduced and betrayed Belgium, not to mention our own victims which she induced to travel as passengers on an auxiliary cruiser and floating arsenal! Yet you and other Yanko-Picts are too blind to see the immemorial fangs disclosed to us in the very grin the monster wears to gull the Harveys and the Eliots.

"Yes, we wish to sell our cotton to Germany and Austria, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable."

Here even italics lose their illuminating force. Let the American, when next he sputters about his independence, digest that sentence.

Your entire open letter is indeed, pardon me, nothing less than an open sore. "Why then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world," you remark in one ungrammatical phrase and two out-worn platitudes, "except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard round the world."

The idea that the Allies,—commercial England, corrupt and revengeful France, knout-ridden, mediaeval Russia, Servia the assassin, and now the unspeakable traitor and blackmailer, Italy,—are continuing "the great battle for government of, for and by the people" is so grotesque and horrible that one is forced to marvel how it could find lodgment in a mind still presumably sane.

"No Longer in the Kindergarten."

It is with characteristic charlatanry that you, the

James L. Becks, and other provincial sophists close your eyes to the brute fact of semi-Asiatic Russia against whose black advance upon Europe the enlightened hosts of Germany stand arrayed for the only defence of human liberty and civilization of which an honorable historian of this war has a right to speak.

It is, of course, a villager's fallacy to imagine that the battle for popular government began at Lexington. But you seem to forget against whom that famous shot was fired—and why. And you still further proclaim your ignorance of history if you believe that the traditional, official England of intrigue, aggression and perfidiousness has in any way amended its nature.

"As I have remarked already,"—thus do you comically and rather ungrammatically proceed,—"and as none better than you well knows we are no longer in the kindergarten, etc." This quaint protestation with its air of mock-dignity and injured pride, must likewise have evoked sardonic English grins. I assure you that nothing would more thoroughly convince the British that we still are in the Kindergarten stage than the Open Letter of Col. George Harvey, editor of the North American Review. **Yet it is better for a nation that its mind be in a German Kindergarten, than its morals in an English concentration camp.**

My dear sir, I have seen the well-educated German soldiers, mere privates, laughing over The Daily Mail, The Times, and Le Matin in German cafes—for enlightened Germany does not think it necessary to suppress the enemy's newspapers. Perhaps when I next go to the library, to which they seem as devoted as the English Tommy to his "pub," I may have the pleasure of seeing them laugh over the North American Review.

Bernhardi and the Pharisee.

One word as to that brave and much-maligned scape-goat, General von Bernhardi, at whom, of course, you too, must have your fling. Surely a shame-faced Lincoln were he alive to-day, would revise his saying about fooling all the people all the time. The case of Bernhardi is but another proof of the contention I have already made—namely, that Americans will not believe even the

evidence of their own eyes when in a state of journalistic hypnosis. We are loath to think or form an independent judgment even when all the material is set before us. The trash written and spoken by us about Bernhardi is but an ignorant echo of the ignorant yet crafty hue-and-cry raised by the myrmidons of Fleet Street in obedience to official orders. Bernhardi, a blunt, honest patriot, with few readers and certainly no following in Germany, simply wrote what every soldier of capacity and every statesman of insight had not only always firmly believed, but always invariably acted upon, however much political ends in other lands may be disguised in falsehood and sham morality. It is for this reason that German truth and candor ring with an evil and Machiavellian quality in the ears of the Pharisee and the sentimentalist unused to both. Nor was it to be expected that you would perceive the innate nobility and inspiration of the passage you quote from that great and impassioned seer Treitschke—unto whom even an Englishman, the late Professor Cramb, did royal honor.

It may be futile to hold up to ridicule the soapy vanity of the author which, like the fish-soul of the hypocrite, flounders helplessly in the attempt to conceal itself under the tattered cloak of a pretended modesty and a sham generosity of mind. Yet I cannot refrain from quoting your delicious and naive conclusion—nor from laughter at its unconscious irony:

"Meanwhile I beg of you, my dear Northcliffe, to maintain unceasingly the patient and wise consideration which you have breathed into your great journals, while I transmit to Mr. Strachey a small volume whose sole merit is its title: **The Power of Tolerance.**"

The "Sick Man" Revitalized.

As one more deeply interested in the war of ideas than the war of interests, as one who holds that the white light of the true international, or citizen of a united world is a nobler thing than the murky red fire of the patriot—even of the United States—I would say but this: If our country is to reap any moral or intellectual wealth from this war, any profit more permanent than the blood-money pocketed from the enemies of the great and heroic

people it has helped not only to slaughter but to traduce, let it tear or if need be, blast the heavy husks from its eyes and soul. Let it strive to grasp the true significance of that great phenomenon among the nations of the world—modern Germany.

The glory of this wonderful people will survive all calumny, as its strength will survive all attack. It is a strength, a faith rooted, not in the brute force of superior numbers, in wealth nor in dumb matter, —elements that are all in favor of its enemies,— but in intellect, in disciplined moral qualities, in the lustre of its science and the young, red blood of its virility. In the midst of its stupendous resistance to a world of enemies, it has reaped not only victories of arms on land and sea and air, but many huge victories within its own realm—economic, financial, social, political and spiritual. In the very midst of the destruction of war it has been creative and brought about a new, better and more efficient order in the very territories it has occupied. It has even given of its inexhaustible strength to that nation whose life-blood England has sapped for forty years, and to-day "The Sick Man of Europe" stands forth splendidly revitalized in a valiant struggle for his liberty.

Germany was feared because she was strong from within; she was hated and plotted against because she was successful; she was overwhelmed with calumny because her cause was just and her faith in the justice of men, alas, too strong. He who has lived in that bright, harmonious and beautiful mansion that is the Germany of to-day, may be able to realize the inspiration that burns in this proud and noble people. When he has understood its civilization, the grandeur of which no puerile cry of "barbarism," can ever dim, he will understand why it is entitled to occupy the highest, the foremost rank.

Not the Master—the School-master of the World.

Germany's ideal it is to bring harmony into a chaotic world through the peaceful conquest of her ideas and the voluntary acceptance of her methods. Even her greedy, blinded and revengeful foes have attempted to imitate her in these things. But the dazzling yet mystic secret of her hidden and inex-

haustible strength and superiority they cannot imitate. In Germany a new spirit of classicism has arisen, and the war she wages against overwhelming odds is in its true essence a war for the liberation of the modern spirit, as much as for the right of a vital and highly-cultured nation to persist. Of late years her splendid art, her architecture, her manufactures and technical triumphs—all of them true fruits and blossoms growing out of a potent and fertile national life, the entire magnificent fabric she is building up to house her soul, have glowed and throbbed with a spirit found only in the England of Elizabeth and the Italy of the Renaissance. These treasures have enriched and shall still further enrich the world as greatly as her music and her philosophy. The pulse of future civilization is felt nowhere so strongly as in modern Germany—no nation gives us such a glimpse towards that perfection which is the goal of all the world. No nation has so thoroughly mastered the brute substance of the outer world by the co-ordination of her inner forces.

These words may well sound strange to Americans who have seen Germany and the Germans only through the mists of traditional misconception, or through the befouled and splintered spectacles of her enemies. But that American who is wise enough to steep himself in the electric streams that vitalize the head and heart of these modern Greeks, will be repaid by contact with truth so rich and dynamic as to partake of revelation. Much does the American owe to Germany, but now, more than ever before, he owes it to himself to increase this debt by looking upon her real face and listening to the music of her gigantic heart.

When the war is over, Colonel Harvey, or even before, and you have the courage to leave some of the darkling intellectual provinces wherein you have dwelt, and the wisdom to discover this great land for yourself, you will find that not least among German virtues is a noble magnamimity towards even the most virulent enemy—so long as his enmity is due to his misconceptions. **For the German is not inspired by the lust to become the master of the world so much as by the passion to remain its school-master.**

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Since then Dr. Conybeare's letter was reprinted from our booklet in the **London Morning Post** and created a crisis of compromising significance. Pressure was brought to bear upon Dr. Conybeare and one of his friends, the famous literary historian, **Sir Walter Raleigh**, induced him to issue a new statement in order to calm the aroused sentiments of his country. Sir Walter Raleigh visited the United States two months ago and having had opportunity to observe the deep impression created by his friend's letter, he implored him to counteract the effect of our publication.

Needless to mention that this, by now **historical letter** has been reprinted since in the whole English press and that our **German translation** of it has been published all over Germany and Austria.

Only the **American Press** is still bent on **suppressing the truth.** We have tried every possible way to bring Dr. F. C. Conybeare's letter to the notice of our editorial dignities, but we have invariably failed. The leading newspapers of the United States **had** to print within the last ten days long and short **cables, from London** dealing with the **Conybeare incident** but nothing in the world could induce them **to comment upon it.** Since the first of August last they have endeavored to keep the public in the dark, they have partly succeeded and they continue to do so.

For the sake of fair play, for the sake of truth and decency, for the sake of justice to that **noble-minded Englishman, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, of Oxford,** who is now **suffering** for his incomparable honesty, every **American** (hyphenated or not) ought to do his share to counteract **the sand-bagging activity of our super-British press. They want to suppress Dr. Conybeare's letter but they will not succeed.**

Get as many copies of Dr. Conybeare's letter (with facsimiles) as you can and spread it all over the country.

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Preface.

The Cleveland Automatic Machine Company incident belongs to the outstanding episodes of the European war as far as neutral nations are concerned. When that company's atrocious advertisement was published in the American Machinist (on May 6, 1915) it provoked an outcry of rightful resentment from all over the country. As a consequence of its sensational character it spread all over the world in a few weeks and it did grievous harm to the reputation of this nation for it was taken everywhere as a perfect symbol of the commercial depravity prevailing in many sections of the community. The only redeeming feature of the affair was the moral firmness shown by large circles which refused to keep a cynical silence and forced the issue.

There are three important reasons for our collecting the chief features of the evidence and putting them before a larger public:

1. The Cleveland incident is one of the very few **closed** and **settled** disputes which arose from the war. The results cannot be contested any longer for the firm and honest stand of the government has passed a final judgment. (See Secretary Redfield's letters.)

2. It is a complete and undebatable revelation of the subtle methods of newspapers in suppressing the truth and insinuating the vilest accusations against inconvenient adversaries.

3. It clearly proves from the admissions of rabid pro-Allies that Germans and pro-Germans in this country are doing everything in their power to avoid every friction or misunderstanding between Germany and the United States. They have even tried to prevent the publication of that advertisement although it was bound to be most useful to the German propaganda.

R. K.

Worth Knowing

On the opposite page we show two sizes of high explosive shells which can be produced from the bar on our 4½" PEDESTAL BASE MACHINE (see cut on opposite page).

On this machine we can finish a 13-lb. shell all over as it appears from very tough material from which shells are made, in 24 minutes, and from ordinary machine steel in 17 minutes.

The 18-lb. shell in 30 minutes, or from regular machine steel in 22 minutes.

When you figure about $1.00 per day for operating this machine, you can then arrive at the actual labor cost for producing the piece.

We are going to say a little more—something which might be interesting. The following is a description of the 13- and 18-lb. high explosive shells which are now being used so extensively in the war to replace common shrapnel.

The material is high in tensile strength and VERY SPECIAL and has a tendency to fracture into small pieces upon the explosion of the shell. The timing of the fuse for this shell is similar to the shrapnel shell, but it differs in that two explosive acids are used to explode the shell in the large cavity. The combination of these two acids causes terrific explosion, having more power than anything of its kind yet used. Fragments become coated with these acids in exploding and wounds caused by them mean death in terrible agony within four hours if not attended to immediately.

From what we are able to learn of conditions in the trenches, it is not possible to get medical assistance to anyone in time to prevent fatal results. It is necessary to immediately cauterize the wound if in the body or head, or to amputate if in the limbs, as there seems to be no antidote that will counteract the poison.

It can be seen from this that this shell is more effective than the regular shrapnel, since the wounds caused by shrapnel balls and fragments in the muscles are not as dangerous as they have no poisonous element making prompt attention necessary.

CLEVELAND AUTOMATIC MACHINE COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Cleveland Automatic Machine Company's Advertisement in "The American Machinist" (May 6, 1915)

I

Correspondence Between Mr. Francis J. L. Dorl and the Originators of the Advertisement.

When the infamous advertisement of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company appeared in the American Machinist of May 6th, 1915, Mr. Francis J. L. Dorl, editor of the Vital Issue, endeavored to ascertain the real intentions of the two concerns and entered upon a correspondence with them. True to the principles of his paper, Mr. Dorl did not allow the incident to be mentioned in the Vital Issue before the machine company, as well as the American Machinist, were given full opportunity to explain their position. The letters exchanged were published on June 26 in the Vital Issue (V. II, No. 26) and it was not before then that the paper commented in any way upon that advertisement. The following quotations are extracts from those lengthy and mostly irrelevant and evasive letters. The only positive result of the correspondence was the unrestricted acceptance of full responsibility for the advertisement by the Cleveland company as well as by the American Machinist.

* * *

From Mr. Dorl's Letter to the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company (May 25, 1915).

"Your advertisement in the 'American Machinist' announcing and recommending a shell coated with poison is about the most devilish piece of printing which has ever come to my notice.

"I will see to it that your abominable plans will be fully known to the people of the United States. The officers of your corporation should be known throughout the land for their greedy and immoral action."

* * *

From the Cleveland Company's Answer to Mr. Dorl (May 28, 1915).

"The most ordinary man who reads our ad. can plainly see that all we are trying to do is to impress upon those interested that this particular shell we understand is being used by all nations at war and is a deadly one, and the more the American people get this into their minds, the less they will be clamoring for war. The newspapers have said a thousand times more than we ever have about the dastardly things going on in this war, *and because we use a few remarks of this kind to put ginger into our advertisement,* which was the idea, every Tom, Dick and Harry in the newspaper business gets busy and writes articles about something they know nothing about."

* * *

From Mr. Dorl's Second Letter to the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company (June 4, 1915).

"I have your letter, and for 'The Vital Issue' I will say at the outset that I would not have distorted the advertisement in any way, for this paper stands for Decency in Journalism.

"It is entirely unnecessary to speak about the advertisement; it speaks for itself. If your advertising manager thought he put 'ginger' in it, he is no doubt showing the best side of his character, education, judgment and of his sentiments."

. . . . . .

"It is considered by every man whom I have met, the MOST INDECENT PIECE OF PRINTED MATTER WHICH HAS EVER COME TO THEIR ATTENTION. It is only right that your firm and the officers of your firm should suffer the punishment of your inhuman, ghastly, stupid and money-mad action."

. . . . . .

No answer received to this letter!

* * *

From Mr. Dorl's Letter to the American Machinist (May 28, 1915).

"That you should print such a detestable advertisement for the sake of a few dollars and put the nation to shame, is unpardonable and no credit to your character or judgment."

* * *

From the American Machinist's Answer to Mr. Dorl (June 2, 1915).

"Don't let your editor be a darned fool and go off half cocked.

"Tell him to read the advertisement to which he so strenuously objects in his letter of May 28. Some have misconstrued this advertisement to mean that the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company were advertising poisonous shells for sale, when as a matter of fact they were only advertising machines for making shrapnel. . . ."

* * *

From Mr. Dorl's Second Letter to the American Machinist (June 3, 1915).

"No, indeed, we will not be 'darned fools and go off half cocked.' We will keep this correspondence within the limits of decent language.

"We are very little interested as to the business dealings of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company or what they MEAN. We are merely guided by facts. The advertisement speaks fully for itself. It needs not another word on our part, but for your information we can only add that you have shown immense amount of judgment, a high degree of morality and a great store of business sense, together with the acme of decency, to accept inhuman and immoral advertisements for the sake of a few dollars."

. . . . . .

No answer received to this letter!

* * *

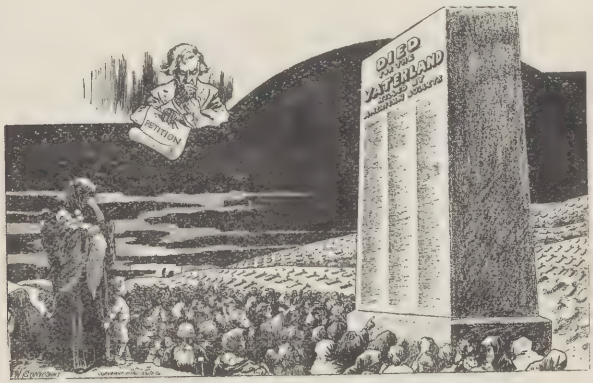
From the Vital Issue's Comment Upon the Correspondence (June 26, 1915).

"How a concern (merely machine manufacturers) and a paper for peaceful trades can approve of such pestilential advertising matter is beyond our understanding. The fact that THEY do not manufacture the deadly poison shells, but recommend openly that others do so, makes their action even more offensive, and for that reason it should be condemned even more severely by the public. It is a good example of how the Neutrality Declaration is being scrupulously followed and enforced."

From this correspondence and the editorial comment it is unmistakably clear that the two concerns

acted in full knowledge and that they were attacked for the unsurpassable depravity of the advertisement and for no other reason. When they discovered, however, that there was no decent man in this country nor elsewhere to back them up they cunningly changed the issue and declared with sanctimonious emphasis that the Cleveland Automatic Machine was not a shell-making concern and that every statement to the contrary was nothing but a vile slander.

This defence was an answer to an attack which—to our knowledge—has never been made. *Neither the "Fatherland" nor the Vital Issue nor any of German or pro-German dailies or weeklies of this town have ever attacked the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company for the manufacturing of poisonous shells.* All of them have reprinted that horrible advertisement *in full* and—not belonging to the *yellow* press—they did not insinuate that the Cleveland Company was a poisonous shell-making concern, although from the wording of the advertisement it would have been easy enough to convey such an impression. However, there must have been many people and some less careful editors in this country who sincerely misunderstood that advertisement. Even the New York Times admits that it required "unusually—even unreasonably—careful reading" to get at the actual meaning.



II

The New York Times' "Mendacious Propaganda."

On June 30 the New York Times published a long dispatch from its staff correspondent at the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Bavaria's Army describing the bitter feelings of German officers and surgeons with regard to our most neutral ammunition shipments. The most significant paragraph showed how far the advertising power of the American Machinist reaches:

> **Alleged Shells Are Poisoned.**
>
> The surgeons had a very special grievance, alleging that the French were using poisonous American shells and that in many cases even slight wounds resulted in terrible infection, causing quick death. They said they were absolutely powerless to save the men wounded by poisonous splinters.
>
> The surgeons had all read the sensational advertisements of alleged poisonous shells by the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, which was published in an American trade paper and made the rounds of the entire German press. They said that their observations seemed to agree with the symptoms and the description of the effect of the new shells as described in that advertisement.

The New York Times added the following remark to its correspondent's report:

> **Not Selling Poisonous Shells.**
>
> The Cleveland Automatic Machine Company has explained that the advertisement in its name of a poisonous shell for sale **was an error.** In sending copy for the advertisement, it was said, an article on poisonous shells was included, and part of this was put into the advertisement **through a misunderstanding.**

As can be seen from the correspondence with Mr. Francis J. L. Dorl, and from other statements reprinted in this booklet, the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company *has never declared anything of the sort.* These two mischievous sentences are only one insignificant incident in the gigantic lying campaign of the New York Times, and if it failed in this particular instance it is only due to the fact that the managers of the Cleveland company and the American Machinist, whatever they may be, are certainly no liars.

* * *

Not satisfied with this little achievement, the New York Times printed on July 1 one of its "famous" editorials under the title: "Mendacious Propaganda." After quoting most benevolently from the advertisement (omitting the two most significant paragraphs and three others), the writer proceeds:

> "You will note first that all this refers not to a shell produced or possible to be produced by a Cleveland Automatic Machine Company tool; it 'is a description of the thirteen and eighteen pound high explosive shells which are now being used so extensively to replace common shrapnel.' There is no direct statement as to where, if anywhere at all, such shells are produced. There is only the association of ideas. The advertisement attracted a great deal of attention at once. The publishers of The American Machinist said they had received the copy through an agent, who confirmed its authenticity; they added that while the paper was still in press the representative of the well-known German propagandist appeared in their office requesting to know for sure whether such an advertisement was going to be printed. He had a copy of it in his possession. **The Cleveland Automatic Machine Company has said that the matter about poisonous shells was included in their advertising copy by a misunderstanding.**
>
> **"The thing was a hoax, diabolically planned for purposes of propaganda, that is to say, with intent beforehand to create the impression among the prejudiced and unintelligent, here and in Germany, that American toolmakers were advertising in the trade papers to sell war munition makers automatic machines for producing an utterly abominable shell. And having procured such an advertisement to be printed, knowing its implication to be preposterous and hideously false, those propagandists first reproduced it in anonymous letters distributed broadcast in this country** (several were received by The Times), **and then in the press of Germany.**
>
> "That German surgeons, having read the reprint from the advertising columns of The American Machinist, began to recognize the pathological effects of bacteria or toxic compounds imagined by some miracle to have survived the intense heat of a high explosive is not amazing, for two reasons, one of which is that the German mind has infinite resources for deceiving itself; but that the intelligence of official and scientific Germany should allow dangerous prejudice to be created by sheer invention is at least discouraging. Germany boasts of her proficiency in chemical science. Well, there is not a chemist in the German Empire who does not know scientifically that the kind of shells described in The Cleveland Automatic Machine Company's

advertisement is physically and chemically impossible, unless the Germans themselves and alone have discovered a new abomination. Therefore **one can be absolutely certain that the propagandists who invented this piece of subtle mendacity and gave it a start which the truth may be unable to overcome knew the immoral nature of their own work. It gives us a better understanding of German propaganda at all.** That is something gained. But in the meantime whose business shall it be to assert the truth in Germany?

The writer could not have named his base insinuations and deliberate lies better than: "Mendacious Propaganda." It is quite superfluous to analyze this insolent attempt, as it is fully answered by the subsequent declarations of the manager of the American Machinist.

* * *

On July 2 the New York Times added another piece of unparalleled effrontery to its infernal propaganda in the form of a stylish leaderette. We reprint it fully because we think both editorials worth to take a prominent place in the history of criminal journalism.

Government Action Is Needed.

"Just how and why did there happen to appear in a paper like The American Machinist an advertisement which to all except unusually—even unreasonably—careful readers seemed to proclaim the ability and willingness of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company to provide machines for the making of shells that would fatally poison all victims not killed outright when hit by fragments of those missiles?

"Zealous reporters at the behest of deeply interested editors have propounded this question wherever it seemed likely that information could be obtained, but everywhere either they have been rebuffed with cold professions of ignorance or else they have been asked to content themselves with explanations which anybody with even a little knowledge of how advertisements are written, printed, and paid for had to dismiss as absurd. The mystery so laboriously built up and maintained remains unsolved.

Meanwhile the advertisement has been used in the only possible, and therefore presumably intended, way. It has been sent over to Germany and there repeatedly republished and commented on as showing that Americans, for money, are willing to facilitate the destruction of the Kaiser's soldiers by supplying their enemies with devices for slaughter such as only ruthless barbarians would employ.

The effect has been the natural and inevitable one of inspiring Germans with hatred of Americans, thus adding appreciably to the difficulty of preserving peace between Germany and the United States.

"In the circumstances, one would expect The American Machinist and the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company eagerly to assist in ferreting out the inventors and perpetrators of this abominable trick, but—well, they have not been helpful. That being the case, why doesn't our Government utilize the large powers of its Secret Service and do what unofficial investigators have failed in doing? The spirit, if not the letter, of our neutrality laws has been most outrageously violated, and the very least deserved by those who did it is to have wide publicity given to their identities, their acts, and their motives."

* * *

This activity of the New York Times provoked deep resentment, and so the editors felt obliged to print on the 3rd of July two communications from Mr. Francis J. L. Dorl and Mr. Frank Koester, giving the true account of the happenings connected with that advertisement. The allegations of both gentlemen were based upon their correspondence with the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company and the American Machinist.

From Mr. Dorl's Letter in the Times.

"By these lines it can plainly be seen that the American Machinist not only defended the Cleveland company but their own course. *At that time they found nothing depraving or immoral in their action.* But now a month has passed, and the condemnation and righteous indignation of all decent Americans is heaped on them. What do they do and what happens? The blame is shifted and a German propagandist is made responsible for the advertisement. Why not name him? Because he does not exist! Was there ever a more diabolical attempt to pervert the truth and to create prejudice in the minds of the American public? *This is not a 'piece of subtle mendacity,' but an abuse and a crime against the whole American nation, which without any basis of fact is once more inflamed against a friendly country!"*

. . . . . .

"At this opportunity I would like to mention that I have maintained from the beginning of the war that

the manufacture of arms and other things that kill and destroy will have a most disastrous effect on the American people, both economical as well as moral. We are destroying values and properties; we are killing our customers, not only Germans, for many of whose deaths we are directly responsible; but we are indirectly killing French and English customers. This murderous and destructive trade may be of financial gain to a few individuals, even to a few thousands; but the consequences will and must be a disastrous reaction. The greatest assets of a nation are the good and strong character as well as the good morals of the people, which together make its reputation in the eyes of the whole world. I fear that character, morals and reputation have severely suffered. *Indeed, there are many indications of the depraving influence of this murder business, and the case under discussion is only one.* I could cite many others."

From Mr. Koester's Letter in the Times.

"Many readers are of the impression that the Cleveland concern manufactures shells. This is not the case. *It manufactures the machines by means of which the poisonous shells are made.* The deadly nature of the shells is in reality irrelevant to the point of the advertisement of the machines, and need not have been mentioned. The added matter boasting of the deadliness of the shells was shocking to the sense of humanity of the public and a parading of savage propensities which was outrageous to a sense of public decency.

The advertisement writer of the Cleveland Company might in a moment of bloodthirsty enthusiasm write such an advertisement, but what seems incomprehensible is that a reputable journal should accept and publish an advertisement so shocking that it has attracted the adverse attention of the President and Cabinet."

A cleverly misleading headline ("The Myth of a Poisonous Shell") was the sole comment of the paper and it is scarcely necessary to say that the New York Times had neither the decency nor the good sense to revoke its scandalous insinuations.

III

From the American Machinist's Final Statement.

(New York Times, July 4, 1915.)

"Mason Britton, manager of the American Machinist, explained yesterday that the advertisement of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, which has been widely and mistakenly attacked by German propagandists as an advertisement of 'poisoned shrapnel shells,' and which has been investigated by Government officials, *was not published as a result of an oversight,* as has been reported, *but that it was written by J. P. Brophy, President and General Manager of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, himself, and ordered published by Mr. Brophy after due deliberation and after the advisability of changing its language before publication had been called to his attention.*

"This advisability, Mr. Britton explained, had been suggested by him to Mr. Brophy after protesting representations against the advertisement had been made in the office of the American Machinist by a man who represented himself as connected with the Hamburg-American line and as coming from Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, till recently considered the unofficial mouthpiece of the German Kaiser in this country.

" 'Mr. Brophy himself writes the advertising copy of his company,' said Mr. Britton. 'Some ten or twelve advertisements were sent by him to our office for consecutive issues of the American Machinist, each describing widely different uses to which the Cleveland automatic machine could be put. The first I knew about this particular advertisement, which was to be published on May 6, *was when some German telephoned to me, some time before the advertisement was published, saying it pictured German soldiers horribly mangled, and protesting against its appearance.* Thereupon I looked at the proof of the advertisement. *I thought it all right,* and that it was none of the man's business. Evidently advance information about the ad. had leaked out from our composing room.

Message from Dernburg.

" 'Shortly afterward, and still before the advertisement was published, a man who said his name was

Koenig and that he was connected with the Hamburg-American Line, called at our office. He said he had heard about the advertisement and that *Dr. Dernburg had sent him to protest against its insertion.* He admitted that he had not seen the ad., but said he had heard much about it and that Dr. Dernburg was all worked up over it.

" 'Thereupon I showed him a proof of the advertisement. He admitted that it made the reports that had come to him seem exaggerated, but insisted again that Dr. Dernburg did not want it to be run. I told him that I was running the American Machinist, and not Dr. Dernburg.

" 'Nevertheles, in view of these protests that were being made, I thought it best to write to Mr. Brophy about them, and I did so on April 23, reminding him that there were Germans in his employ, as well as in ours, and telling him I thought that in justice to him I should put the matter up to him. In that letter I said:

" ' "I would not bring this up to you at all but for the fact that I believe that some of the German element will watch for the advertisement and make capital out of it against the allies or against Cleveland automatics.

" ' "I do not think it would be a good thing for you to have your advertisement made a football of. My first feelings were to tell them to go to —— and fight if necessary, but my sober second thought says that there is already too much fighting, and if we can keep out of it honorably to do so.

" ' "I believe it would be better for you if the horrors caused by these shells could be toned down somewhat, although, as I remarked, you have nerve enough to put in print what every one else is thinking. If the advertisement could be changed somewhat so as not to disturb the excited sensibilities of either side I believe it would be better.

" ' "If you decide to do this will you kindly wire me on receipt of this letter, and I will hold the advertisement awaiting your instructions. The matter is entirely in your hands."

" 'Under date of April 26 Mr. Brophy wrote in reply:

" ' "When I received your special delivery letter yesterday morning I was just about to go out for an

auto ride, and I hurriedly phoned the wire I sent you stating that I would consider changing the advertisement in question. *After looking it over, I have made up my mind that I will make no change.* It is simply nonsensical to do so. What is said about the destructiveness of this kind of shell doesn't mean any particular kind of shell. The fact is, I am under the impression that they all make shells similar to this, and why any German in your employ should take any exceptions is beyond my comprehension. As you say in your letter, the whole proposition all the way through is disgusting.

" ' "In yesterday's Cleveland Plain Dealer there was forty times as much said about shells similar to the one we are describing with all the destructiveness in connection with them—two whole pages of the paper contained this kind of article—and the idea of making a kick about an explanation like ours, which mentions no particular Government, is, in my estimation, overstepping what I would call good common sense. *For this reason you may go right ahead and use our advertisement just as it was sent to you.* I wish to thank you for so promptly calling my attention to this matter."

Says Copies Were Altered.

" 'Thereupon,' said Mr. Britton, 'I let the ad. go, and it was published in our issue of May 6. On May 5, however, Germans began to come to our office, buying up advance copies of the issue. Then at once I found a German press bureau began sending out clippings of the advertisement to every newspaper in the United States. But they did it in such a way as to give an entirely erroneous impression of the purport of the advertisement.

"For, whereas the advertisement merely advertised that the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company manufactured a machine which could be used for making shells and thereto annexed this vivid description of the horrible workings of shells such as were now being used everywhere in the war, these clippings omitted the introductory paragraphs explaining this, and simply included the caption "Worth Knowing" and the concluding paragraphs that described the havoc done by shells. Thus they made it appear that the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company was manufacturing such shells and boasting of their terrible effects.'

"Soon afterward there appeared in the newspapers an interview in which Mr. Brophy, manager of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, was quoted as explaining that the objectionable passage about the shells had been published by mistake, owing to the accidental inclusion of a page of such descriptive matter in the advertising copy sent out by his firm. Upon inquiry to Mr. Brophy concerning this, however, there was received from him at the office of the American Machinist a letter in which, under date of June 30, he explained that the published interview was erroneous, and that *'they* (The American Machinist) *printed it* (the advertisement) *as we sent it forward, and we insisted on their doing so even after Mr. Britton wrote me that some comments were being made about it.'* "

* * *

It appears from this statement that both gentlemen, Mr. Britton as well as Mr. Brophy, fail to understand the deep indignation of the public here and abroad and we have no intention to write a sermon for their benefit. Whatever they are, they are certainly no humbugs and they are manly enough to accept full responsibility for their doings. We do not suspect them of praying for peace on Sunday after having manufactured and advertised their precious machines on week days, and they have sadly disappointed the New York Times, which had expected them "eagerly to assist in ferreting out the inventors and perpetrators of this abominable trick." Their sole defence—if defence it may be called—consists of a dozen of resentful statements that the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company does not manufacture the poisonous shells, but only the machines for the manufacture of such shells.

The Cleveland Company has superfluously not only advertised its machine, but also the shells which can be manufactured with the help of the machine. They have "put ginger" in their advertisement. They have served "poison" as an appetizer to their customers. They have acted like a manufacturer of tools who tries to advertise his goods by a stimulating and inspiring description of a burglary which could successfully be committed with the help of his benevolent instruments.

The editor of the New York Times has acted far more comprehensibly. He has insinuated that that deplorable advertisement had been smuggled into the in-

nocent pages of the American Machinist by some "diabolical" German propagandist in order to compromise American manufacturers. It is not ascertainable if he assumed his attitude in ignorance of the true facts or in spite of them. *At any rate, he must know at present that those damnable German propagandists have not only not smuggled the Cleveland advertisement into the American Machinist, but that they even endeavored to prevent its publication.* He has fervently recommended "Government action" against the German propagandists connected with that advertisement; does he not think that some judicial action would be instituted against him and his paper if we had real freedom of the press and not anarchy?

IV

The Government and the Advertisement.

Mr. Frank Koester, Mr. Francis J. L. Dorl and others had submitted the whole incident in the very beginning to the administration in Washington and an investigation had been instituted by the Department of Commerce. The following is the first report about it published in the newspapers:

> WASHINGTON, July 2.—Investigation by the Department of Commerce of an advertisement by a Cleveland (Ohio) manufacturing company of a machine for making acid bombs was brought to a close today, and Acting Secretary Sweet announced that no further action was contemplated by the department.
>
> Assistant Solicitor Edward T. Quigley, who conducted the inquiry to determine whether there had been any violation of neutrality or of the laws of humanity, returned to Washington today and submitted an informal report. He found, according to Mr. Sweet, that the Cleveland company manufactured no bombs nor shells, but merely turned out machines which not only were being exported now, but which were sold before the war to European countries generally for use in the drilling of metals.
>
> Mr. Sweet said the report showed that the advertisement was furnished from a trade paper for publication by the regular advertising agent of the company and that the evidence was quite strong that no one interested in any foreign country had investigated the statements in the advertisement.
>
> **It was explained that similar advertisements would not be published hereafter.**
>
> * * *

The New York Herald's Report on Mr. W. C. Redfield's letters (July 20, 1915).

On July 4th 1915, the N. Y. Herald printed a copy of the famous advertisement and beneath they printed a few lines that Mr. Dorl had "attacked" both the Cleveland concern and the American Machinist, without stating any of the reasons set forth in the correspondence. On the other hand they quote whole paragraphs of the answers from both firms, without printing Mr. Dorl's reply. The uninitiated reader is thus left under the impression as though both concerns had been unjustly "attacked."

However some days later the Herald brought the following interesting news item:

"Stinging rebukes for the advertising of a machine to manufacture poisoned bombs for use in the European war are administered in two letters sent out today by *Mr. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, at the direction of President Wilson.*

"This action, as predicted exclusively by the Herald last week, is taken against the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, which prepared and signed the advertisement, and the Hill Publishing Company, of New York city, publisher of the American Machinist, in which it appeared.

"Mr. Redfield, in the letter to the company in Cleveland, of which A. L. Garford, progressive candidate for Governor of Ohio at the last election, is president, refers to the advertisement as *'atrocious.'* It is addressed to J. P. Brophy, vice-president and general manager of the concern.

"Mr. Redfield declares it is difficult to understand how any one not *'callous in a high degree'* could have drafted such an advertisement in the hope of selling his machines, *especially after objection had been made to the statements before they were published.* The company, he asserts, urged the *'cruel and agonizing nature of the death caused by certain missiles as an evidence of their effectiveness, and suggests this as the basis of a sale for the machines which make these hideous things.'*

"To the Hill Publishing Company Mr. Redfield says the columns of the American Machinist were used to *'promote the sale of a machine whose suggested use in the advertisement named was that of manufacturing shells containing poisonous acids, which shells upon exploding would cause those who were struck by the fragments to die in horrible agony.'* He says the printing of the advertisement was a very serious error, *'verging, to say the least, upon unpatriotic conduct.'*

President Sees Letters.

"Mr. Redfield wrote the letters and sent them to President Wilson, together with the full report of the investigation conducted by Mr. Edward T. Quigley, assistant solicitor of the Department of Commerce, after the printing of the advertisement. Mr. Quigley called at the offices of both the machine company and the publishing concern, gathering much data about the incidents surrounding the publication of the advertisement, which caused a storm of protest throughout the country and brought forth diplomatic inquiries to the State Department from the belligerents.

"The report showed that the Cleveland concern wrote the advertisement and sent it to the American Machinist. After it was put in type a printer's boy took a proof of it to a night school. *Several days later an agent of Dr. Dernburg, the German champion, called at the publishing house and complained of the wording of the advertisement.* The publishers communicated this complaint to Cleveland, but *received orders to run it according to the original copy.* When the government started the investigation, Mr. Garford, president of the machine company, sent word that the advertisement was not printed as written. *The original copy, however, showed that it was,* and Mr Garford's communication was explained. He had been misinformed or had misunderstood a telephone communication from Cleveland to his home in Elyria, Ohio, it was said.

"Mr. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, has received copies of the report, and he will explain to the diplomatic representatives of the belligerents the action taken by the government, adding that the advertisement appeared through the misdirected efforts of the Cleveland concern to increase sales and that the machine primarily is not intended for the manufacture of poisoned bombs but automobile parts."

* * *

Secretary Redfield's Letter to Mr. J. P. Brophy.

"Dear Sir:—Your communications of June 25 and June 29 are both received. An earlier reply has not been made to them because the inquiry which Mr. Quigley was making into the circumstances surrounding the advertisement has not until now been completed.

"It is proper to express the satisfaction with which I note that you have thrown the fullest possible light upon the circumstances surrounding the atrocious advertisement (it is no less) of your company and your willingness to make the facts fully clear. I accept without difficulty also your suggestion that had you realized the normal resentment that this advertisement would cause you would not have insisted upon it after your attention was called to the fact before it appeared that protest was made against it. It is, I confess, difficult for me to understand how any one who was not callous in a high degree could have drafted such a statement for publication with a view to selling his own wares, much less how such a one could have insisted upon its publication after he knew that objection was made thereto.

"If, as has been suggested, your thought was to horrify people with the war no suggestion of such purpose appears in the advertisement itself. On the contrary, you urge the cruel and agonizing nature of the death caused by certain missiles as an evidence of their effectiveness and suggest this as the basis of a sale for the machines which make these hideous things. At a time when every instinct of patriotism calls for calm and self-restraint, when sobriety of statement is almost a supreme duty, you, as you admit, to gain notice to an advertisement draw a picture of human misery as a means of earning profit through the sale of machines to produce it.

"I learn that you have suffered inconvenience or worse by reason of the advertisement. This is not strange, for the normal man instinctively resents the course you saw fit to take. I shall regret it if the business of innocent stockholders suffers through this serious fault, and I venture to hope that in their behalf, as well as from your own sense of patriotism, similar statements will not be used again.

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) *WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Secretary.*

"Mr. J. P. Brophy, Vice-President and General Manager Cleveland Automatic Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio."

* * *

Secretary Redfield's Letter to the Hill Publishing Company.

"Gentlemen:—

"I have not earlier replied to your favor of the 23rd ult. responding to mine of the 19th because the inquiry being made by us into the facts surrounding the advertisement in the American Machinist of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company on May 6 was not complete.

"Giving due weight to the statements made in your letter, many of which are personally known to me to be correct, it yet seems to me that regardless of your established code this advertisement was one that should not have been published by you. Whatever truth there may or may not be in the suggestion that statements of the kind are calculated to horrify the public with the war, it is nevertheless true that your columns in this instance were used to promote the sale of a machine whose suggested use in the advertisement named was that of manufacturing shells containing poisonous acids, which shells upon exploding would cause those who were struck by the fragments to die in horrible agony. It cannot be denied that if there were any so cruel as to employ such ammunition that employment would be promoted by their finding in your columns the apparatus for the manufacture of these horrible missiles. It does not relieve you from responsibility to say that similar or the same statements appear in the press. What others have done is not the measure of what you were called upon to do.

"The time is one of peculiar excitement, with half the world on fire; and we alone of the great nations are outside of the conflict. At such a time, when restraint, and calm is the duty of every citizen, your columns were opened to statements calculated to arouse wrath and kindle excitement, as the result has shown.

"I regret, therefore, having to say that the American Machinist seems to me in this case to have made a serious error, verging, to say the least, upon unpatriotic conduct. I trust the offence against humanity and against that self-control which is now a patriotic duty may not be repeated.

"Yours, very truly,
(Signed) "WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
"Secretary.

"Hill Publishing Company, Tenth avenue and Thirty-sixth street, New York, N. Y."

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or

Hungary and The New York Times

By

Rudolf Kommer

(With letters from the Austro-Hungarian Consulate-General and a **Vital Issue** sketch.)

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(With letters from the Austro-Hungarian Consulate-General.)

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THE VITAL ISSUE BOOKLETS.
Number Eight

THE VITAL ISSUE BOOKLETS

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Vital Issue Company

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FRANCIS J. L. DORL

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"News that's fit to print."

Mr. X, the Humorist, in the Vienna Café.

(The "Morning Post's" Hungarian Correspondent "at Budapest.")

Stories from the Vienna Café.

(Hungary and the New York Times.)

Reprinted from the "Vital Issue," V. II, No. 3.

By RUDOLF KOMMER.

Some Hungarian gentlemen in this city have addressed an open letter to the Austrian Ambassador in Washington, interrogating him about the late and present condition of Hungary and demanding the truth and nothing but the truth. The letter published in the New York Times mentioned that paper's reports on Hungary as the cause of their anxiety and expressed the belief of those gentlemen in the absolute impartiality of our distinguished contemporary. Yet, there must have been some doubt about the infallibility of the headlines in the minds of the distressed Hungarians, because they do ask for an official confirmation of the dissolution of what was once the Austrian Empire. Or are they still naive enough to disbelieve every fact recorded in newspapers, unless it has received the final official seal? Whatever the case may be, I do not believe that they will get a satisfactory answer from the ambassador. Whenever I have heard an ambassador mentioned, he was always denying something and I have come to the conclusion that denying is the natural function of an ambassador. Should his Excellency verify the special cables from London to the New York Times, about Austria-Hungary, he would be admitting the approaching end of the state he still represents and would be putting himself in the peculiar and somehow ridiculous position of his Belgian colleagues. Should he deny the substantiality of those reports (as he will—most emphatically) there still would remain the uneasiness in the minds of the interpellating gentlemen, finding themselves in an awkward conflict between the authority of their ambassador, whom they prob-

ably have never seen, and the authority of whatever newspaper they are accustomed to consume every morning with their breakfast. This being the position, I venture to step in and contribute to the original research about those widespread reports. I feel inclined to answer all possible questions on the subject by another question, and I beg pardon for the apparent silliness of it. Yet there is some reason for it and so I ask: What might be the connection between the sinking of the Formidable on January 1st, and—let us say—the plundering of a Salami-sausage factory in Debreczin at a yet ungiven date? This is a conundrum, but you and I will solve it triumphantly. Before doing so, however, I feel the necessity of introducing myself.

I Am an Austrian.

I am an Austrian. I am myself surprised by this wild statement and I know that I ought to show my respect for the firm convictions of this hospitable country by saying: I *was* an Austrian. But being still unaware of my future nationality and not knowing yet if I shall have to call the Czar my "little father," or if I shall have to swear loyalty to a—horrible dictu—Hohenzollern in Roumania, I humbly persist in stating: I am an Austrian. When I say that I am an Austrian and that I spent some years before the war in London, every Hungarian will tell me at once that I spent most of that time in the "Vienna Cafe, New Oxford Street, West Central." I admit it and I also admit that the final transformation of that "Vienna Confectionery Company" into a "West Central Bakery, Limited," became one of the chief reasons for my leaving London a few weeks ago. If anybody fails to see what a bohéme café has to do with the pathetic downfall of Austria-Hungary, I can only repeat the famous answer of Mr. Asquith to his impatient critics: "Wait and see!" They *have* been waiting in peace and are now seeing war, and a similar unexpected development is to be expected from this story.

In the Vienna Cafe.

In the first days of the war I met in the Vienna Café a Hungarian journalist of fascinating abilities. We were eagerly discussing the first phase of the events in a frankly pro-German way, but being journalists we were much more interested in the exploits of the English press than in the achievements of the German army. We were intensely struck by the "literary qualities" of the "atrocity stories," but we did not care a scrap of paper for the atrocities them-

selves. While our colleagues in Germany and Austria and France and Russia were admiring the overwhelming features of the mobilization of the armies we were exhausting ourselves in admiration for the *English mobilization of the news.*

The Rush for Public Opinion.

In the three days which the Germans "wanted to take Liege," the English press took in the whole world. It has been said that English diplomacy is trained *to think in Continents.* It seemed to us equally true that the English press is trained *in duping Continents.* The single features of that gigantic and—to put it mildly—imaginative campaign are partly disclosed by now and it will be a deeply interesting task for future psychologists to analyze the most efficient methods of English journalism and its almost unrestricted conquest of public opinion. I must confine myself to the statement that my new friend's exalted admiration for the spiritual achievements of our English colleagues reached its highest point when we read of the dozens of German officers, who despairingly threw their revolvers into the still Belgian air and themselves into the equally Belgian Meuse. When the same day's evening papers described the suicide of a German waiter in London, by saying that the poor chap "threw his last will in the air and himself over the bridge in the Thames," my friend's artistic zeal was exploding, he could not hold his pen any longer and being barred from writing "real stuff" he wrote a fantastic satire on the English press for his own and my pleasure and delight. He wrote it under the dusty palm-trees in the Vienna Café, and there he read it to me, and after having enjoyed it and not knowing what to do with it, he sent it to his literary agent.

It was a joke; indeed a good joke. I remember the merciless description of famines in Vienna and Budapest, of wholesale executions of generals and political leaders, soldiers' wives preventing the departure of military trains by throwing themselves in hundreds and thousands upon the rails, and I shall never forget the grotesque dialogue between the old Emperor Francis Joseph and the young archdukes who refused to fight as they did not want to participate in the abominable violation of that wonderfully heroic Belgium. The style of it was a slightly exaggerated imitation of the Daily Mail efforts and the mental attitude a cruel caricature of what is known in France and elsewhere as the auto-suggestion of the British hypocrite.

The Making of the Hungarian Expert.

It was a good joke. It became a huge hoax when it unexpectedly was printed in a daily paper as secret information "from a highly-placed Hungarian authority" But it developed to a serious matter when the fee of ten guineas ($51) was handed over to my humorous friend. Then it was for the first time that he realized the magnitude and seriousness of the time we are living in; and he grew up to it.

He sat down day after day in the Vienna Café and poured out what I enjoyed as humorous literature and what was solemnly published in the exclusive columns of that serious paper, the London Morning Post. There he wrote as "an Hungarian expert" on the causes of the "downfall of the Austrian army," on the "corruption in the Austrian government," the *"Protektions wirtschaft"* in the Austrian administration, the hatred of all the nationalities for what he called the "Austrians" and on many other topics which provided similar relief to the troubled minds of England's hysterical dregs.

Przemysl.

One day he came into the café and asked me about Przemysl. "My dear expert," I said, "both of us put together could not possibly distinguish an artillery horse from a general, as the saying goes."—"We are no heroes, I know," he replied, "but I have got an *order* to write an 'expert article' on Przemysl for the Morning Post. You have been in Przemysl several times, you are even able to pronounce the name properly and so you *have* to tell me everything about it."

He insisted and representing the dear old type of the romantic journalist he emphatically refused to go to the reading-room of the British Museum near by and to look up some reference-book or other. Libraries were not his taste. He always relied on his imagination, hated books like poison and there and then he insisted on commandeering some bits of oral information. So I had to tell him everything I knew about the cafés, and "chantants," and gambling houses, and other dens of that "dirty" little town, and about the relations between the military "caste" there and the civic population; which relations are chiefly erotic. From the "military expert's" point of view I could only assure him that my first visit to Przemysl meant a great disappointment to me as I could not discover the slightest

sign of any fortification, and that my visions of musical comedy fortresses with cyclopic walls and towers and guns had long been forgotten. At first my friend was not quite sure I was not fooling him in the same gentle way in which he was hoaxing the Morning Post. But then it occurred to him, that even if I was, it would not matter, and that if I hoaxed him and he the Morning Post, his "expertise" would still be taken seriously. And so it was. One and a half of the broad and lengthy columns of the Morning Post. Seven and a half guineas!

Galicia's Imaginary Fortresses.

My patriotic friend strengthened Galicia by some six or eight imaginary fortresses which formed the base of the later "expertises" from his pen. The whole English press ought to pay some royalties to him for the orgiastic feasts they celebrated in having subsequently all those fortresses taken by the Russians (in night and dare-devil surprise attacks of course). In the logical development of this motif, he invented the happy phrase of Przemysl and Cracow, "the two *last* strongholds of the Hapsburgs." Every reader got the stirring impression that after the "imminent" fall of Cracow nothing would be left to those unhappy and misguided Hapsburgs but the Kapuzinergruft. The phrase of the "two *last* strongholds" went all over the world. It is permanently used in the New York Press; I have seen it quoted from some Chinese paper, it has frightened all the Germans in South America and it doubtless will even survive the present war. Were I to ask any journalist in the wide world which have been the *first* fortresses, Przemysl and Cracow being mentioned as the last ones, not one of the lavish users of my friend's phrase could answer. Naturally not, because they do not know the miracle man of the Vienna Café.

The Doctor of the Nation's Soul.

When the German submarines started their successful activity my friend acquired a habit of getting "letters" from Hungary after each sinking of an English battleship. Being a Hungarian and a journalist, he was a subtle psychologist and he discovered at once the real psychological moment for his literary efforts. After each naval disaster there was an overwhelming demand for consolation and so the famous series of lengthy "letters from Budapest received by the London correspondent of an Hun-

garian newspaper via Italy" came into existence. In these letters, which terrified the Hungarian gentlemen whom I am endeavoring to comfort, he reported revolutionary scenes from Budapest, the angry words and tears which welcomed Count Tisza when he visited the Kaiser, the sorrowful return of Tisza to Budapest, his being stoned and pelted with eggs, and so on and so on. This last letter brought as a climax the presentation of a golden sword to General Putnik, the commander-in-chief of the Servian army, by the rising Serbs of Hungary.

The Vienna Cafe and the New York Times.

Naturally the London correspondent of the New York Times is most anxious to cable all *"valuable"* information to his paper. So he has been cabling all these long "letters" and articles, regardless of expense, in the same way as he was cabling the tottering reports from the Petrograd correspondent of the same Morning Post, who was duping France and England and America for more than a week with his breathless announcements of "something terrible but grand" to come (not arrived.—The Edit.). I can imagine the American gentleman representing the New York Times, sitting in his London office or club and cutting the Hungarian "letters" from the Morning Post. If he would take the trouble to go to the Vienna Café, New Oxford Street (opposite Mudie's) and make the acquaintance of my Hungarian friend, he could get all those frightful events much quicker; practically as soon as they happen—in the brain of the humorist.

The Counterpart to the Censor.

In writing these revelations, I do no intend to give my friend away. He is a most amiable and delightful man, a fercent journalist and a clever satirist. I am quite sure that this paper can never reach the office of the Morning Post, the truth being kept from England as carefully as any "other infectious disease." Besides, my friend has become indispensable. By now he must have become a British institution, the counterpart of the Censor. The latter is only keeping away from England's men what they would not like to hear; but my friend is providing them with what they *do* like to hear. The Censor is negative, sterile, empty. My friend is positive, fertile, full of news, inexhaustible. How would England feel without the man in the Vienna Café? By God, it is unthinkable.

Papers and Soldiers.

My intention is: to reassure the Hungarian gentlemen in New York and all over the country. They trust the New York Times and I suppose, they know what they are trusting. But they must not forget that the New York Times is only too delighted to print anything favorable to the Allies and has renounced, for the time being at least, its critical ability. It has been printing the Hungarian letters, it has been printing the Petrograd reports and it "acquired" and had cabled that incomparable rot from the pen of Sir James Barrie (50 cents a word, as it proudly announced).

As far as my friend under the palm-tree in the Vienna Café is concerned, my compatriots must not think any the worse of him. The activity of his imagination does not do any harm to Hungary and does a lot of good to himself. The Hungarians in America, as well as the Germans, overrate immensely the influence of what is called "neutral" public opinion. It is not neutral and it is not opinion; it is merely public. As a matter of fact the English newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic have not so much influence on the results of the war as the lumbago of a single French or Geman soldier in the trenches.

The Formidable—and After?

On the first of January the Formidable was sunk. My friend must be working over-time now. We shall soon hear of insurrections in Hungary, riots, plundering of Salami-sausage factories, executions, murder plots and the like. We shall soon know. My friend is at his post. And so is the correspondent of the New York Times.

* * *

OPINION IN HUNGARY.

By ALEXANDER VON NUBER.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

About a month ago shortly after the retreat of the Austro-Hungarian troops from Servia, your valuable paper reproduced on several consecutive days cable correspondence from the London Moning Post purported to emanate from the pen of the London correspondent of Hungarian papers from Budapest. Said correspondences were relating that especially the Hungarian papers, A Nap and Magyar-

orszag, in Budapest, gave expression to their and the Hungarian nation's indignation over the manner in which the war was conducted, and that they vehemently assailed the commanders of the Austro-Hungarian, and especially the German, Army for exposing Hungary to the invasion of the Russian and Servian Armies in order to better protect German and Austrian territory. That the Hungarian nation was revolting, that violent manifestations against the war were daily occurrences in Hungary, etc. Your paper also published at the time an open letter signed by one Mr. Szabados addressed to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, requesting him to tell what the truth in those alarming reports was.

To anybody however superficially acquainted with the present conditions in Hungary, of course, it was apparent that the above-mentioned sinister reports of the London Morning Post are the product of the Budapest papers' London correspondents' fertile brains. I was glad to see at the time that the local Hungarian daily, the Hungarian People's Voice, has at once denounced those reports as fiction pure and simple, and only a piece of the unworthy newspaper war waged against Hungary by some of the London dailies.

Thinking that you might be interested in what both the Hungarian papers, Nap and Magyarorszag, used as authorities by the Morning Post, have themselves to say on the subject, I beg to reproduce below the respective articles published in said papers' copies of Dec. 19 last:

From the Nap.

We seldom see the papers of the "Entente." We therefore are not in a position to thoroughly supervise their news concerning Hungary. We know, however, from a quite reliable source, that the London press has been informed to the effect that the Nap has published an article complaining that Germany weakens the monarchy in order to strengthen her troops in Silesia, where our interests are practically nil. According to the English informants the Nap wrote that the egotism of the Germans was responsible for the Servian incident, and that the Government of Vienna is sacrificing Hungary's interests to Germany.

The Nap on its part will briefly settle this affair. There is no superlative to our indignation which the informants of the English papers would not deserve on our part. We cannot adequately express our adhorrence and contempt for the fact that the "Entente" tries to put its dirty lies and thousand times stigmatized infamies at the door of an honest newspaper. And just at the door of the Nap, which was the first to insist that the revolting Servian comedy should at least be silenced by the roar of our guns, and commented and will comment to the last

with expressions of unconditional esteem and thankfulness upon the unparalleled and admirable manifestation of the German "Nibelungen" faithfulness.

We see the glorious crowning of our whole national policy in the fact that we could weld with Germany, and that the triumphant Germandom pressed to its heart his worthy comrade, the Hungariandom. Nobody can show one type in our columns which would make Germany responsible for any of our dangers, any of our omissions; we did not mingle one tone of dissonance in this great heavenly harmony. After the many vile acts of the English press—since perfidy did not become today the second nature of Albion—it is only natural that they try to give the color of truth to such English lies by imputing them to a Hungarian news organ. The attempt is naturally as futile as the others, and shows only how pitifully proud England must have broken down since she tries to shoot back on the German warships with such wastepaper bullets. When the English are running away from the truth with such scare, when they try to mend their national honor with such silly lies, then we have the right to believe that the nailing of England's coffin has begun.

From the Magyarorszag.

The Neues Wiener Tagblatt mentions a communication of the English press which is based on an alleged article of the Magyarorszag. The editor of the Mayarorszag is not in a position to watch attentively the communications of the English press, hence we have no direct knowledge of the communication mentioned by the Neue Wiener Tagblatt. Indirectly, from a place where the British papers are regularly read even now, we are informed that, acording to the advice of the London papers on the occasion of the retreat of our southern army from Servia, the Magyarorszag stated that not Potiorek was responsible for the retreat, but exclusively the German General Staff, because, without regard to the situation there, it ordered our forces to the north. Accoding to this advice the Magyarorszag made the German General Staff likewise responsible for the fact that the Russians could start an invasion through the Carpathians, because it weakened our Galician army by drawing away our forces.

For the sake of the truth we must state that in the Magyarorszag a similar reasoning or criticism never appeared, as we never exercised any criticism since the beginning of the war, and if somebody sent to the English press any information to that effect referring to the Magyarorszag he simply duped the London papers.

I refrain from any further comment on the above utterances of the papers concerned. Though the above is intended mainly for your private information, I shall not object if you publish my letter in your valuable paper, and have the honor to be

Yours very truly,

ALEXANDER VON NUBER.

Consul-General of Austria-Hungary.

New York, Jan. 25, 1915.

"The Originals Produced."

By RUDOLF KOMMER.

On January 26, 1915, the New York "Times" printed a special cable from London under the following headlines:—Hungarian Letters Declared Genuine—Rudolf Kommer's Story of How They Were Faked in London Café Called Untrue—The Originals Produced—Also Envelopes in Which They Were Sent—London "Morning Post" Vouches for Them.

The following letter to the Editor of the "Times" was the answer to that "special cable." It was not "fit to print," because there is freedom for the press in this country. The "Times" is free to call me a liar, I am free to write a polite though protesting letter to the editor and he is free to throw it into the paper basket.

To the Editor of the New York Times.

Sir: I was rather surprised this morning to find in your most interesting paper a special cable from London denying my story about the humorist in the Vienna Cafe in London who supplied the English press of several continents with refreshing reports on the distressing conditions of Hungary and Austria. Your London correspondent and your New York headline artist are using rather strong expressions in the interpretation of my article in the Vital Issue of January 16 when they speak of faking and charges and accusations and Heaven knows what. My Hungarian friend in London, Mr. X, has not faked any letter, nor have I charged him with doing so, and in rereading my article I fail to discover any accusation whatever against the New York Times. All I did was to explain the functions of the press to some depressed minds amongst my compatriots, and to show them that even a paper like the New York Times cannot possibly be an evangel or anything of the kind, as it is the most obedient servant of a public which, just at present, cannot be cheered otherwise but by gloomy pictures of Germany and Austria.

Your paper has been publishing for the last six months reports on Austria-Hungary (amongst them the delicious "Hungarian Letters via Italy"), which must have impressed the average reader with the idea that before long nothing would be left of that once blooming empire in the stormy center of Europe but a melancholy heap of ruins including the Kapuzinergruft of the Hapsburgs, the chequebook of the Rothschilds, and the different yokes under

which the different nationalities had sighed and suffered for many a century. These reports naturally have immensely pleased the majority of your readers, whereas a certain minority of them were thrown into fits of pessimism. Some Hungarian gentlemen have even addressed in your columns an open letter to the Austrian Ambassador, imploring him to tell them the truth about Hungary, the real truth and nothing but the truth. To me, as a journalist, it seemed curious and undesirable that people should turn from a newspaper to an ambassador, and so I ventured to produce the other side of the story and to show that all the frightful events which have been depicted in the "Hungarian Letters via Italy" and in the subsequent special cables to the New York Times were not happening in Hungary, but in the brain of a humorous Hungarian under the dusty palm trees of the Vienna Cafe in London.

My story may have been told badly, but judging from today's cable of your inquisitive correspondent, you will agree that the picture of my fascinating friend was true in every point. He has not disillusioned me and I am delighted to imagine the imperturbable humor with which he showed to your correspondent the "originals" of the Hungarian letters and even the envelopes—think of it—the very envelopes in which they had reached him from Italy. For all I know these "originals" are probably Hungarian laundry bills or dunning letters; and the solemnity of your correspondent in looking at them must have appeared—forgive my saying so—like the solemnity of Don Quixote or Monsieur Jourdain. As to the statement of the editor of the Morning Post, it naturally was an indignant denial of my story and an energetic assertion of the genuineness of the Hungarian letters. Editors have always been indignant and positive like that since the first successful start of a canard in the history of journalism.

Had I accused my friend of having faked a series of letters I should not be able to prove it in that perfectly delightful way of producing "originals," but I could establish sufficient circumstantial evidence. I might point out that no letters are leaving Austria or Hungary without being censored and that no letters are reaching "alien enemies" in England without being opened and read—which in the case of an esoteric language like the Hungarian would amount to a study of several months. Furthermore, my friend has been careless enough to mention in some of his letters the anti-war articles of Hungarian newspapers —articles which no Hungarian could detect in those papers,

when they arrived in this country. I might ask for the reasons which may have induced the mysterious correspondent in Budapest to risk his life by sending news of this sort to the enemy, as the magnificent fee of five to fifteen guineas which the Morning Post has been paying for each of those letters could not have tempted him and my friend as well. Finally, I would suggest to you, dear sir, to give my friend's famous "expertise" on Przemysl to your own military expert and to watch his smile while reading it. But I do not accuse the amiable Mr. X. of anything and, therefore, I am not going to insult your intelligence by an elaborate attempt to discredit fanciful anecdotes like that of the golden sword for General Putnik, or the other of the angry dialogue between the German Kaiser and Count Tisza. If my friend called his imaginative articles "Hungarian Letters via Italy," he was only doing so because Henri Bergson's philosophy of intuition or Annie Besant's theosophy are not yet deep-rooted enough in England to make any report plausible which has not been received by postal devices. My friend spoke of Hungarian letters in the same fictitious way, as Monesquieu had spoken of "Lettres Persanes."

If my compatriots, like myself, insist on consuming the New York Times with their breakfast they ought to concentrate their attention upon those contributions which are generously enough provided for real neutrals and pro-Germans. It is only fair to recognize the courage of your paper in publishing articles like those of Hilaire Belloc or George Bernard Shaw, who, so far, have been the only intellectuals of Europe at least attempting to assume something like the attitude of a "good European," as Nietzsche would have said. As I have been instrumental in discrediting some of the cable messages of the New York Times, I hope to be allowed to give due credit to that other group of contributions, the last of which was Dr. T. Iyenaga's article in last Sunday's issue, and to express my sincere admiration and gratitude for it. It is most peculiar that a Japanese intellectual should have command of that "Catholic spirit and self-restraint" which are nowhere to be discovered amongst the European partisans. Is it because he does not find himself in the awkward mental position of being an Imperialist and a Christian at the same time, which necessarily leads to the monumental hypocrisy of a great nation like England? In these days of wholesale abuse, it is most gratifying to find a kind and upright intelectual amongst the Allies, refusing to join that literary

crowd, who are toiling so hard to prove to a dumbfounded world that until the 4th of August, 1914, it has been living in a German hell, and is, immediately after victory to be ushered into an English paradise.

Yours very sincerely,

RUDOLF KOMMER.

* * *

Two Ways to Constantinople.

"I tried to get to Constantinople by way of Berlin."
"And I tried to get there by way of the Dardanelles."

"I Should Worry."

The following letter was received to the inquiry if there is any possibility for a resident of Budapest to send uncensored letters or cables "via Italy, Switzerland, Roumania or via wireless." The irony in the answer to such a superfluous question was well deserved.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL
AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE GENERAL.

Battery Park Building
New York

July 23, 1915.

Mr. Rudolf Kommer,
134 East 58th Street,
New York City.

My Dear Mr. Kommer:

Pray excuse me for doubting that you meant your question seriously; it must have been intended as a joke. The Hungarian censor would be tickled to death if he knew that a distinguished journalist, acquainted with conditions in Europe, could for one moment believe that the "Budapest" correspondence and telegrams published by the London Morning Post have actually been concocted in Hungary.

If you will take the trouble to check the Budapest news published by the Morning Post and compare them with the actual news from Hungary, you will be satisfied that the stupid inventions of the London paper could never have been written in Hungary. The Hungarian censor would, of course, have suppressed such malicious nonsense, had it ever been mailed or cabled by a Budapest resident.

As for the effect of the trash which has been reprinted by the New York Times, and possibly other papers in this country, allow me to use the local slang and say: "I should worry!"

It will not harm the interests of the Dual Monarchy if a number of ignoramuses who hardly know anything about Austria-Hungary, actually swallow the indigestible stuff which the New York Times feels safe to dish up. This class of newspaper readers is really not interesting and we should not lose our time in vain endeavors to enlighten them. There is, happily, another class of readers who discriminate reliable news from coarse lies; to them the Budapest correspondence and telegrams of the London Morning Post must be a source of mirth and amusement Let us be on their side and we shall then be in very good company.

Among the distinguished Americans whom I have had the pleasure to meet, there is not one to whom I would do such injury as to suspect him of being liable to fall a prey to the silly fairy tales produced by perverted brains.

The Allies are in dire need of consolation, and if wild reports concerning the desperate plight of my country afford them some pleasure, I shall not object, as long as we and our German and Turkish allies keep on defeating the enemy.

Believe me, Dear Mr. Kommer,

Very sincerely yours,

H. BRANDEIS.

* * *

L'ENVOI.

It has been proved so many times that the New York Times' reports on Hungary consist of fiction that to prove it once again were just as superfluous as to import owls to Athens or false news to the Times building. My account of the coming into existence of the "Morning Post's correspondent in Budapest" proved to be of no avail. The letter of the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General, Mr. Alexander von Nuber, containing irrefutable proofs for our assertions did not fare any better. Even the attacks of practically all of the London newspapers against the ridiculous Morning Post reports on Hungary did not succeed to induce the New York Times' correspondent in London to look for better information which he could have easily found in the columns of the London Times. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the iron course of events also failed to impress the editors of the New York Times and that after one year of Hungarian fairy tales they still think fit to print the Morning Post's "dispatches from Budapest."

Since the first publication of my Vienna Café story the Hungarian papers in the United States have taken up the case and they have brought to light some unpleasant facts about the past of Mr. X. (I still hesitate to throw his name at my unprepared readers, as it is three times more difficult to pronounce than Przemysl.)

All such revelations seem to me most irrelevant. There are plenty of journalists in New York who have never borrowed money under false pretences and who are, yet, more than capable to compete with my Hungarian friend in the fabrication of fictitious news. Mr. Vance Thompson, for

example, is not necessarily a crook, and it is quite sufficient to state that the Bavarian Crown Princess whom he saw last August in a Munich restaurant has been dead and buried for more than two years. To take part in the digging up of his or Mr. X.'s undoubtedly interesting past is more of a luxury than ought to be permitted in war time.

During the last eight months the etiquette of those reports has been changed three times. The first tales appeared as "letters to a Hungarian correspondent in London from a friend in Budapest, via Italy." Then they became "letters to a Hungarian correspondent." Finally they were simply called "dispatches from our correspondent in Budapest." The humorist in the Vienna Café must have become a highly esteemed member of the Morning Post's editorial staff and lately they have been bold enough to publish his fancies as *telegrams* from "The Morning Post's Hungarian correspondent at Budapest." All these months the New York Times has faithfully reprinted the Paprika sensations of Mr. X., cabled from London, word for word, by its most watchful correspondent. We had the gallant story of the independence movement, the stirring reports on anti-dynastic resolutions of town and county councils and the news of the expulsion of "Galician fugitives as undesirable aliens." From time to time Mr. X. indulged in a little Jew-baiting, there and then he plagiarized the accounts of English and Russian army contract frauds and one morning the New York Times stirred most of its readers by the touching description of "hundreds of poor women standing in queus before the bakers' shops at 9 in the evening to get a pound of flour or a loaf of bread (at an exorbitant price) at 8 in the morning." The climax was reached on July 19, when one full column on the first page of the New York Times dealt with a *"telegraphic"* report from Budapest of *July* 18 (to the Morning Post, of course) declaring amongst other items of equal value:

"It is stated that the Government contemplates the mobilization of the American Austrians and Hungarians, of whom there are some 6,000,000 *in the United States, so as to interfere with the manufacture of war material, if the American government will not meet the demands of the central empires."*

Russian Statue of Liberty.

(To be erected in Budapest after the liberation of Hungary from the Austrian yoke.)

Many Austrians and Hungarians lost their temper in reading the insinuations derived from this grotesque scherzo; yet they ought to know better. As a matter of fact they have no more right to complain than the American public has. The American editors have not changed at all since July, 1914. In writing as they write they only live up to the tradition of their papers and the yellow press remains true to its color. Why should Dr. Dernberg or any other German be better treated than Mr. Bryan or Professor Scott Nearing. I cannot see any possibility for it.

In conclusion I should like to point out that all those imaginary fortresses of Galicia which played such a melodramatic part when the Russians conquered that province have silently disappeared before the Teutonic drive of May and June. Poor Mackenson found only one fortress to conquer—Przemysl—and there one letter was missing. All the other "formidable fortresses" (Lemberg, Mikolajew, Jaroslau and so on) had vanished and appeared as peaceful as possible—owing undoubtedly to the pacifying influence of the Russians.

R. K.

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